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"LIBERTY, HOLINESS, LOVE."

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RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

FEMALE EDUCATION.

Some good man has lately made an offer of ten thousand dollars, to found a seminary for teachers. Would that the teachers meant had been those most effective teachers, women! If mothers were well instructed, incompetent public teachers would soon disappear, and the true sort would find in these friends of their pupils, vigilant, tender coadjutors. Educated women would supply to their children the place of private tutors. Disappoint and smother the faculties of women, and they 'hang upon the wheels' of culture. When we read how Alfred lamented and remedied the ignorance of the English priests, we wonder that no new Alfred has arisen to enlighten the ignorance of the domestic priestess, the mother. Men of weight have not failed to *speak* forcibly on this subject, the neglected education of women. Sir James Mackintosh says in his Journal, referring to that most admirable article on Female Education, in the fifteenth volume of the Edinburgh Review, 'Delighted more than I thought I now had the power of being by ——'s lecture against Female Ignorance, I went in to Mrs Ashbumer and read it to her infinite delight. It contains all that can be said.' We have in the Life of Priestley, by Dr Ware Jr. the following testimony of Priestley. 'I would particularly recommend to your invitation, Mr Robinson's exemplary conduct in the education that he gave to his numerous family, not only in religion, but in all branches of useful knowledge, by no means neglecting his daughters. To their understandings, his good sense taught him to give the same cultivation as to those of his sons, that is the highest of which they were capable. Getting over a vulgar and debasing prejudice (that women being designed for domestic cares should be taught nothing beyond them) and finding his daughter capable of it, he himself taught them the learned and the modern languages, and he got them instructed by others in mathematics and philosophy. Certainly the minds of women are capable of the same improvement, and the same furniture as those of men; and it is of importance, that when they have leisure, they should have the same resource in reading, and the same power of instructing the world by writing, that men have; and that if they be mothers, they be capable of assisting in the instruction of their children, to which they have generally more opportunity to attend than the fathers.' The reader of Mr Buckminster, may gather from his eloquent discourse before the Female Asylum the same views. It is marvellous, considering the real prevalence of such sentiments among sensible men, that neither public nor private wisdom and beneficence have founded liberal institutions, for the education of women. Pennsylvania has lately shown by her munificence a sense of the want, but has unfortunately dissipated her bounty among many small establishments, instead of seeking to build up *one* of high rank.

A new ideal seems to have found access to the mind of woman; hitherto the blush of *ignorance* has been unknown to the female cheek, but now, a woman is ashamed in the presence of her young son—worse perhaps, her heart aches at the thought that his silent perceptions of her deficiencies lessen her moral influence. How painful a trial for her, who had in her young days the desire, the leisure, the capacity to learn! May coming years supply sympathy and opportunities! Many families remind us of a garden consigned irrevocably to a gardener, under whose direction every good green thing withers, is choked, or perverted. A man now often trusts his beloved child to a woman whose ignorance of physiology impairs its health, whose uncultured moral sense leaves its faults unsubdued, whose illiterate mind smothers its curiosity. How sadly such an unfortunate woman misses her maternal reward! Her limited sympathies leave half her child's nature dead, his possibilities of excellence dormant, or if they are drawn out they find no response in her, but rather separate him from her. The child, whose mother was qualified for forming and enlightening him, because education had in her mind illumined what was dark, and raised what was low, would grow continually more loving and beloved. Where there is now fear and despair, there would be patience, assiduity, hope and promise. Ties the most dear and salutary, instead of loosening and snapping with the progress of time, would become closer and more multiplied. The mother should be what the child will more and more honor

'——as the temple waxes' and
'The inward service of the mind and soul
Grows wide withal.'

Many mothers now spend existence as manufacturers of supposed articles of taste, without permanent price, things sure of the slight of the next generation. A better taste, nobler objects, as well as nicer morals would be the fruits of cultivation. Knowledge would exorcise those demons, neuralgia and ennui, which grasp in their talons so many female victims. Elevate by instruction the social impulse of women, we should not see them in the irritable arena seeming to say 'Pray you, if it may stand with the tune of your voices that I may be consul, I have here the customary *gown*.' Nothing would diminish 'the common curse of mankind, folly and ignorance' like an enlarged plan of female education. Seize upon the female loungers, loiterers and jaunterers, and present to them intellectual objects. The same mother who now offers her little son novels to read, interrupts his studies unscrupulously, diverts him from the use of ink—for fear of spots, never inquires into his progress, or ever knows what branches he is pursuing, with a different training might have been the anxious comforter of his idle school hours, the rescuer of his soul from their nullity and dangers, the sympathetic investigator and appreciator, the stimulator, inspector and faithful critic of his little attempts at writing, the illuminator of obscurites that escape the master's busy eye, the listener to his reading, the ready and accurate hearer of recitations. These seem to us among the truly *natural* offices of the more stationary and tender parent of the two.

We are the more ready to believe all this, from the increasing discontent of women with uninteresting occupations, and from the general desire of liberal and sagacious men to behold an institution of the highest class for the education of women. Once established, none would attract more munificent gifts. One great merit of such an institution would be, in common with existing colleges, the disinterring and developement of capacities now wrapped in darkness and lost to society.

Those who are interested in female literature, lament in the few contributions we possess, the absence of art and variety, (witness the monotony of the truly poetical Hemans) and wish female capability better scholarship; lament it the more because such literature has a distinctive value. The characteristics of books written by women are altogether peculiar, and were they destroyed could have no substitute, but in books written by other women. Witness Miss Edgeworth's exquisite Laura, and Simple Susan; her Lady Sarah Vivian, whose noble moral sense, had education endowed it with a tongue, might have saved her husband's virtue. What man could have created Lucy Lee? These are indeed the lovely forms of female invention. Mrs Barbauld's Hymns, the noblest product of woman's genius, bear all its marks; they seem to us almost the divinest of holy strains. Is it because a woman's soul is the most Christian modification of spirit?

THE SAILOR BOY.

Influence of the Bible on a Sailor Boy.

A little boy, the son of very poor parents, residing at Clifton, entered as ship-boy on board a merchant vessel. He expressed to his parents his reluctance to sail without a Bible; but their very limited means did not allow of their purchasing one; the boy's earnest wishes were communicated to one of the Collectors, and a Bible was immediately granted. The Ship sailed; and, in the course of the last year, encountered a violent storm in the Northern Seas. The poor youth, who was on the topmast, fell: and was precipitated into the deep, to rise no more, till the sea shall give up her dead. On the return of the ship to England, a few weeks since, the Captain sent the lad's chest to his afflicted parents; and, on opening it, the first thing which they saw was his Bible, with a Letter from the Captain; telling them, that the best proof which he could give that the Bible was not neglected, was this—that during the whole time they had been at sea, he had never once had cause to reprimand the lad, nor had he ever heard an evil word pass his lips.—*Mr Dudley.*

NEVER TOO OLD TO LEARN.

We extract the following from an article which appeared some months since in the Portland Orion, which forcibly illustrates, by a reference to well-authenticated facts, the principle that *man is never too old to learn:*—

Socrates, at an extreme old age, learnt to play on musical instruments. This would look ridiculous for some of the rich old men in our city, especially if they should take it into their heads to thrum a guitar under a lady's window, which Socrates did not do, but only learnt to play upon some instrument of his time, not a guitar, for the purpose of resisting the wear and tear of old age.

Cato, at eighty years of age, thought proper to learn the Greek language. Many of our young men at thirty and forty have forgotten even the alphabet of a language the knowledge of which was necessary to enter college, and which was made a daily exercise through college. A fine comment upon their love of letters, truly.

Plutarch, when between seventy and eighty, commenced the study of the Latin. Many of our young lawyers, not thirty years of age, think that *nisi prius*, *scire facias*, &c. are English expressions; and if you tell them that a knowledge of the Latin would make them appear a little more respectable in their profession, they will reply that they are *too old* to think of learning Latin.

Boccacio was thirty-five years old when he commenced his studies in polite literature. Yet he became one of the three great masters of the Tuscan dialect, Dante and Petrarch being the other two. There are many among us, ten years younger than Boccacio, who are dying of *ennui*, and regret that they were not educated to a taste for literature, but now they are *too old*.

Sir Henry Spelman neglected the sciences in his youth, but commenced the study of them when he was between fifty and sixty years of age. After this time he became the most learned antiquarian and lawyer. Our young men begin to think of laying their seniors on the shelf when they have reached sixty years of age. How different the present estimate put upon experience, from that which characterized a certain period of the Grecian republic, when a man was not allowed to open his mouth in caucusses or political meetings who was under forty years of age.

Colbert, the famous French Minister, at sixty years of age returned to his Latin and law studies. How many of our *college learnt* men have ever looked into their classics since their graduation?

Dr Johnson applied himself to the Dutch language but a few years before his death. Most of our merchants and lawyers of twenty-five, thirty, and forty years of age, are obliged to apply to a teacher to translate a letter written in the French language, which might be learnt in the tenth part of the time required for the study of the Dutch—and all because they are *too old to learn.*

Ludovico Monaldesco, at the great age of one hundred and fifteen, wrote the memoirs of his own times. A singular exertion, noticed by Voltaire, who was himself one of the most remarkable instances of the progress of age in new studies.

Ogilby, the translator of Homer and Virgil, was unacquainted with Latin and Greek till he was past fifty.

Franklin did not fully commence his philosophical pursuits till he had reached his fiftieth year. How many among us of thirty, forty, and fifty, who read nothing but newspapers, for the want of a taste for natural philosophy! but they are *too old to learn.*

Accorso, a great lawyer, being asked why he began the study of law so late, answered that, indeed, he began it late, but he should therefore master it the sooner. This agrees with our theory, that healthy old age gives a man the power of accomplishing a difficult study in much less time than would be necessary to one of half his years.

Dryden, in his sixty-eighth year, commenced the translation of the Iliad; and his most pleasing productions were written in his old age.

We could go on and cite thousands of examples of men who commenced a new study, and struck out into an entirely new pursuit, either for livelihood or amusement, at an advanced age. But every one familiar with the biography of distinguished men, will recollect individual cases enough to convince him that none but the sick and indolent will ever say, I *am too old to study.*

For the Register and Observer.

I walked one morning into the house of God, and, grateful for the pleasure I had received at his hands, sat down to hear his truth. The Preacher announced that the text on which he should speak was Is. xxxii. 2. Delightful theme, thought I. How oft in the storm of adversity have I found a covert in Jesus, and trusting in God, have trusted also in him. The wind and the tempest, said the Preacher, represent the wrath of God. And as the storm beats in unceasing fury upon the traveller and upon the covert to which he flies; so the Divine wrath rests upon every soul that does not go to Jesus and have him bear it. God will not remit his punishments because his offender repents, any more than the storm ceases to beat when the traveller turns towards home. One must bear the storm or get under a covert that can bear it, and one must bear the punishments for sin or provide a substitute to receive them. I had often heard similar sentiments, but, like Worcester when he heard that mankind no longer beheld in their Maker a friend, I had never perceived their horrible character before. What! thought I, does this man tell us to *love* God, and then draw his character in such hateful lines? Does he tell us to forgive our enemies even as God has forgiven us, and then represent God to be as merciless as the storms? I was at that time somewhat unsettled in my doctrinal faith, but that sermon made me firm against the *orthodox* view of atonement. And I was soon convinced that it was an important duty to endeavor to root out of the Christian Church an error of manifestly such immoral tendency.

P. N. S.

Have every day *nigher* thoughts of God, *lower* thoughts of self, *kinder* thoughts of your brethren, and more *hopeful* thoughts of all around you.—*Fletcher.*

[From Fireside Education.]

THE VOYAGE OF THE PHILOSOPHERS.

An Eastern Tale illustrative of the folly of insisting upon minor points of doctrine as essential in Religion.

While, therefore, I admit the importance of definite and settled religious opinions, and commend it to every person to sustain his own faith, that having been duly considered, with steadfastness, and on proper occasions with zeal; I conceive, however, that this should ever be done with a full admission that Christ's church embraces the pious of all creeds; that no one sect can claim to hold exclusively the keys of heaven's gate; and that while there are many mansions above, so there are doubtless many paths by which Christian pilgrims may reach these glorious abodes. I deem it important that parents should imbue their children at the proper age, with these views. They will serve many good purposes: they will lead to the exercise of charity towards those who hold opposite tenets; they will induce them to look upon the bickerings of rival religious communities as collisions of the steel and flint, sharp and fierce it may be, and in such cases certainly to be condemned, but as a means which may still develop the light of truth and the glow of piety. They will lead them to look upon the divisions in the Christian world, not with despondency and sickness of heart, as it might seem that our religion has introduced a sword among mankind; but as a system by which religious liberty and religious zeal are secured and perpetuated in the world.

An illustration of the folly of insisting upon minor points of doctrine as essential in religion, and of the incidental advantages, which may yet arise from the conflict of opinions even on such topics, I offer the following allegory.

THE VOYAGE OF THE PHILOSOPHERS,—AN EASTERN TALE.

The celebrated Hiram, king of Tyre, was not only a patron of the arts, but a promoter of learning. He founded seminaries, encouraged talent, and favored men of letters.

In a simple state of society, the disputes of men arise out of questions of conduct; but, as they grow more learned and refined, they quarrel about matters of speculation. After the rights of property and the rules of duty are well ascertained, there is little opportunity for the exhibition of superior sagacity, except in the discussion of misty points of doctrine. Those, therefore, who are ambitious of display, leaving vulgar questions of right and wrong in action to less ambitious minds, soar aloft into the diviner regions of doubt and abstraction.

Thus it happened in Phœnicia. The principles of morality, embraciug the social and religious duties, having been settled so that 'the wayfaring man, though a fool, need not err therein,' the philosophers began to wrangle about subtle points of belief. Sondry questions were started relating to the destiny of the soul after death. The general notion of the future happiness of the virtuous and the misery of the wicked was too easily comprehended, and too generally admitted, to satisfy these acute metaphysicians. They must needs penetrate the curtain that is dropped between the mortal and immortal state, and gain an exact knowledge of things unseen as of things seen.

We cannot undertake to detail the various theories which were now started by the philosophers, or attempt to give an account of the numerous sects into which they divided the inhabitants of Phœnicia. One of the leading questions, however, which seemed to separate the people into two great divisions, was this: what is the shape of the vast island which forms the paradise of the blessed? It was generally agreed that this island lay far away in the ocean; that it was the abode of perpetual spring, and the seat of universal and unbounded bliss. But what was its shape? was it circular, triangular, or quadrangular? These were questions which agitated the people and shook society to its foundation.

King Hiram was a man of sense, and of a practical turn; he determined, therefore, that the question should be settled by ocular demonstration. He accordingly ordered an expedition to be fitted out, consisting of as many vessels as there were sects. He then selected the leading philosophers of every sect, gave each the command of a vessel, and ordered them to sail forth upon the sea in quest of the happy isle, and bring him tidings of the result.

The squadron consisted of several hundred vessels, manned by expert seamen. Having entered the Indian ocean, by the way of the Red sea, they bade adieu to the shore, and stretched forth upon the blue main guiding their course by the heavenly bodies. They kept together for many days; but at length the skies became involved in clouds, and violent disputes arose among the philosophers. Under these circumstances, the great question should have been as to their course; but, instead of this, they went to loggerheads about the shape of the happy island. From words they almost came to blows, and finally the philosophers parted in anger. One portion set off in one direction, another portion in the opposite direction, while a large number, unable to make up their minds amid such contending views, furled their sails and left their vessels to drift with the wind.

The two squadrons stretched away, the one east, the other west, and, so long as they kept in sight of each other, their activity seemed stimulated by a desire to be as far from each other as possible. After sailing for many days in an easterly course, and having encountered innummerable dangers and hardships, one of the squadrons approached the happy isle. A lovelier light than that of summer shone over it, and sweeter landscapes than those of Syria spread along its coast. The inhabitants received them with the kindest welcome, and such [illegible] thrilled in the bosoms of the philosophers, that all feelings but those of benevolence subsided, and, forgetting their anger, they wished that their antagonists might be partakers of their joy. Scarcely had they expressed these feelings, when, in the eastern horizon, they discovered the other squadron, under full sail, coming down upon the island in a direction opposite to that by which they had arrived. These soon reached the shore, and the philosophers, who had parted in malice, now met in peace.

Having spent some time at the happy isle they entered their ships, and, bidding a reluctant adieu to the place, returned to Tyre. On being required by the king to tell him the shape of the island, the grand object of the expedition, the philosophers looked at each other, and appeared to be abashed. The king was angry, and imperiously commanded them to answer his question. They then confessed that they had forgotten to ask about the shape of the island. 'Let me have no more quarrels then,' said the king, 'about idle questions of belief. Let your arrogance and dogmatism be humbled by the recollection that opposite courses have led to the same point; and remember, that matters of speculation, which are wrought into consequence by contention, sink into insignificance in the light of truth.'

'This may be so,' said one of the philosophers, 'but your majesty will allow that one advantage has arisen from our disputes.'

'And what is that?' said the king.

'That the actual existence of the happy island has been demonstrated,' replied the philosopher.

The monarch smiled, and the philosopher, though rebuked, was satisfied.

CULTIVATION OF CONSCIENCE.

By Dr. Wayland.

WITH THE STORY OF THE ALARM WATCH.

I beg the parent's attention to the following observations, by Dr. Wayland.

'Those faculties are the strongest which are used the most. If one man be stronger than another, we shall find that he uses his strength more than the other. He whose occupations require the use of his arms, becomes strong in his arms; while he who walks or runs much becomes strong in his legs. He who uses his memory habitually remembers easily, that is, acquires a strong memory; while he who rarely tries to recollect what he hears or reads, very soon has a weak memory. And thus men have come to this general conclusion, that all our faculties are strengthened by use and weakened by disuse.

'This rule applies to conscience in several particulars:—

'The more frequently we use our conscience in judging between actions as right or wrong, the more easily shall we learn to judge correctly concerning them. He who, before every action, will deliberately ask himself, 'Is this right or wrong?' will seldom mistake what is his duty. And children may do this, as well as grown persons.

'Our conscience is also improved in this respect by reflecting upon virtuous actions and thinking upon virtuous characters. The more we do this, the easier we learn to distinguish and avoid every thing that is wrong. It is for this reason that we should think much on the character of our blessed Saviour, if we wish to improve our conscience and make progress in virtue. So young persons should reflect upon the character of Samuel, Joseph, Daniel, in the Bible, and of George Washington and other men of later times. And of course, on the contrary, we shall weaken our power of making moral distinctions if we neglect to inquire into the moral character of our actions. If children or men go on doing right or wrong, just as it happens, without ever inquiring about it, they will at last care but little whether they do the one or the other, and in many cases will hardly be able to distinguish between them. Every one knows that children who are taught by their parents to reflect upon their actions and distinguish between right and wrong, know much better how they *ought to act* than those whose parents never gave them any instruction on the subject.

'And, again, we injure our power of judging correctly of moral actions if we allow ourselves to witness or hear of wickedness, or if we are in the habit of letting wicked thoughts dwell in our minds. If a boy for the first time hear another swear, he will feel it to be wrong; but if he associate much with him, he will soon care nothing about it, and very soon will begin to swear himself. The same is the case with lying, cruelty, bad language, or any other wickedness. This shows us how careful we should be to avoid all bad company, and never to mingle with those who persist in doing wrong.

'I have mentioned, above, that we could all observe in the feeling of conscience a sort of command, urging us to do what is right. Now this command becomes stronger or weaker just in proportion as we use it. For instance, he who is careful always to do what his conscience commands, finds the power of temptation over him to be weaker. He who strives always to be just and never to defraud any one of the least thing, either in play or in earnest, will find a very strong opposition in his mind to doing any injustice; while he who only occasionally allows himself to lie, or cheat, will find that his opposition to lying and dishonesty is gradually growing weaker, and it is well if he do not in the end become a confirmed thief and liar.

'And it is, moreover, to be remembered, that both of these last rules have an effect upon each other. The more we are in the habit of reflecting upon the right and the wrong of our actions, the stronger will be our inclination to do right; and the more scrupulously we do right, the more easily shall we be able to distinguish between right and wrong.

'Once more. I have alluded to the fact that conscience is a source of pleasure and of pain. It is so in a greater or less degree, in proportion as we use it.

'The oftener we do good actions, the greater happiness we receive from doing them. Do you not observe how happy kind and benevolent persons always are? Do you not observe that persons who seldom do a good action, do it almost without pleasure, while really kind and benevolent people seem to derive constant enjoyment from making others happy? And if there is so much happiness to be derived from doing good, we ought to be grateful that God has placed us in a world in which there is so much good to be done, and in which every one, poor as well as rich, young as well as old, may enjoy this happiness almost as much as he pleases.

'And, on the contrary, the oftener men disobey their consciences, the less pain do they suffer from doing wrong. When boys first lie, or use bad words, they feel guilty, and very unhappy; but if they are so wicked as to form the habit of doing thus, they soon do it without pain, and sometimes even become proud of it. This is the case with stealing, or any other wickedness.'

Conscience, as we all know, may be listened to or disregarded; and in this, habit has great influence. The following story, from the Juvenile Miscellany, illustrates this.

'A lady who found it difficult to awake so early as she desired in the morning, purchased an alarm watch. This kind of watch is so contrived as to strike with a very loud whizzing noise at any time the owner pleases. The lady placed the watch at the head of the bed, and, at the appointed time, she found herself effectually roused by the loud rattling sound. She immediately obeyed the summons, and felt the better all day for her early rising. This continued for several weeks. The alarm watch faithfully performed its office, and was distinctly *heard* so long as it was promptly *obeyed.* But, after a time, the lady grew tired of early rising, and, when awakened by the noisy monitor, merely turned herself and slept again. In a few days, the watch ceased to arouse her from slumber. It spoke just as loudly as ever, but she did not hear it, because she had acquired the habit of disobeying it. Finding that she might just as well be without an alarm watch, she formed the wise resolution, that, if she ever heard the sound again, she would jump up instantly, and she would never allow herself to disobey the friendly warning.

'Just so it is with conscience. If we obey its dictates, even to the most trifling particulars, we always hear its voice clear and strong. But if we allow ourselves to do what we fear is not quite right, we shall grow more and more sleepy, until the voice of conscience has no longer any power to waken us.—*Fireside Education.*

The Rev Dr Wolff, the converted Jew and Missionary, has addressed the following note to the London Times, in reply to one from a relation of his wife.

'I never took one single farthing from my dear wife for defraying my missionary expenses. From the year 1826 to 1831, I travelled at the expense of the London Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews; from 1831, to 1834, The Right Hon J. H. Frere had the kindness to advance me £500, which I repaid him with the presents I received from Runjeet Singh, at Lahore, and from his majesty the king of Oude; and from 1835 to 1838, I lived and travelled entirely from the profits of my last publication; so that I have never violated the word of honor I gave to Lady Georgiana's relatives previous to my wedding, that I never would live from Lady Georgiana's interests or property.'

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

THE MORAL INDICATIONS OF HORTICULTURE.

And out of the ground made the Lord God to grow every tree, that is pleasant to the sight, and good for food;—the tree of Life also in the midst of the garden; and the tree of knowledge of good and evil.—GENESIS ii. 9.

There is some obscurity in the Mosaic account of the creation; and especially in the history of the first human pair;—of the precise condition in which they were placed,—their conduct in it;—their expulsion from it, and their subsequent fate. We cannot be satisfied with the literal representation, because it is attended with too many difficulties. And in departing from the literal construction, the wide,—the boundless field of conjecture is before us; and we are liable to go loosely astray, each as his own imagination shall dictate. And great absurdity is not unfrequently the consequence.

But there seems to be a middle ground more rational and safe; more instructive also, on which we may take our stand, with much better success. Some parts of this account cannot be otherwise than allegorical; and I suppose it is for the most part so. In the construction and application of such composition, we must put a check upon our fancy. We must prune away all the extravagances of our imagination; and bring into exercise our best judgement and common sense.

The first human pair evidently had their lot cast in a most delicious and then salubrious climate. The untilled and unexhausted soil, yielded readily, with but little care and cultivation, every thing that the Lord God had caused to grow. And he had kindly and liberally provided every thing, not only that was good for food, but pleasant to the sight. The new earth, in its native condition, as left by the hand of the Creator, was itself a garden.

And we are simply to understand by our first parents being thus situated, that they were placed in circumstances the most favorable to their happiness and to their moral developement. For they were not merely supplied with every thing agreeable to their physical senses—good for food and pleasant to the sight. The tree of life also was in the midst of the garden,—most conspicuous always,—and always near at hand. Which I presume has reference to moral considerations. The fruit of that tree, I doubt not, was the food, that was to sustain their spiritual,—their moral nature; as those described to be good for food were to sustain, in health and vigor, their bodies;—their animal nature. It was the law of their moral being, by obeying which they were to progress in wisdom and goodness.

There was also the tree of the knowledge of good and evil. Which likewise, I doubt not, had reference to moral considerations. For by eating of that tree, they were to know evil as well as good. They were to know it by sad experience. Whilst by eating of the tree of life they could know,—they could experience only good. And that tree alone, the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, were they prohibited from eating. Of every tree of the garden besides, they might freely eat. But of that tree, if they presumed to eat, in the day they should eat thereof, they were surely to die,—to become subject, not only to physical death, but to an innumerable variety of evils,—the natural result and fruit of disobedience.

They disobeyed. They ate of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil. And in that day they spiritually, morally died. Their moral nature became tainted. Their moral power became weakened. They became more and more liable,—more and more inclined to disobey. They more readily yielded to temptation. They more and more disobeyed. 'Therefore, the Lord God sent them forth from the *Garden* —to till the ground from whence they were taken. 'He drove out the man; and he placed at the East of the Garden of Eden cherubim, and a flaming sword, which turned every way, to keep the way of the tree of life.' The moral,—the import of which, as I conceive, is, that after their first transgression, our first parents found themselves naturally, and by the established order of things, under very much less favorable circumstances both physically and morally than before.

They and their progeny became gradually more and more degenerate and corrupt, by the natural force of circumstances;—by bad example, and evil communications. Till the earth at length was filled with violence, and all flesh had corrupted their way.

But the race, though abandoned by themselves, were not utterly cast off by their Creator. He graciously proposed a remedy; a way, by which they might return and live forever. The primary cause, the occasion, of their offending, whatever it might really be, is figuratively styled the serpent;—a subtle and wily tempter. And the remedy provided, was something that should destroy the evil,—the moral, —yes,—and in a degree, at least, the physical evil thus introduced into the world. It was to be accomplished by one of the sons of men;—a descendent of the woman. 'The seed of the woman shall bruise the serpent's head.'

I have repeatedly said, that this was figurative language. And the constructive meaning of it I hold to be, that 'the seed of the woman,' —or one of the descendents of the woman, should furnish a remedy,—should do something to remove,—to annul,—to do away the evil,—all the evil, introduced into the world by her disobedience.

This was accomplished by our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ,—who, though he was declared to be the Son of God with power, by his resurrection from the dead, was also de-

clared to have been 'made,' or descended 'from a woman,' and 'made under the law.' That is, as I read, born a Jew,—under the Jewish dispensation,—a descendant of Abraham. For he was also declared to be of the 'seed of Abraham, according to the flesh;'—that is, by the law of natural descent. In a word,—the Gospel of Christ,—the Grace and the Truth which came by him, which he revealed,—is finally to bring about an entire moral renovation of the human race. And the process is now going on, in every Christian land, slow,—very slow, though it be; which will issue at length, in the fulness of time, in this most important,—most desirable result. And thus will the human race, in the figurative language,—in the allegorical form, which represents their primeval history, be restored to the Garden,—to the Paradise, which by transgression they forfeited.

I have dwelt longer on these preliminary and explanatory remarks than I intended. The subject I had in view in introducing them is, the moral indications and influences of modern Horticulture, or Gardening. It was suggested to my mind by visiting the Exhibition of Fruits and Flowers, at the room of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society during the past week. I love to give such occurrences a moral,—a religious bearing and direction. They act powerfully upon my own better feelings and principles; and may be made, I think, to exert a salutary, a good moral influence in the community.

1. And I remark, in the first place, the Exhibition of new and numerous varieties of delicious fruits and delicate flowers is manifest proof of something more than the fact that they have been produced; of something more than the commendable industry and care, and improved skill of man in their successful cultivation. It has a direct and intimate connexion with delicate taste, and refined moral sentiment and feeling. The employment itself has a natural and a powerful tendency to foster,—to encourage,—to protect, and to advance, every thing good in the human soul. And the human soul, —the best powers and faculties of man are so habitually and so intensely,—with such deep feeling, and interest and zeal, brought into contact,—and of course into sympathy, with so much that is exquisitely beautiful and delicate, that both the mind and the heart cannot help being happily affected. They must be so in a passive and mechanical way, and thus better prepare the mind for the more direct influences of Religion and virtue. And both the mind and heart,—every good principle in our nature is strengthened, fortified, and excited anew by those influences; and so the cause of virtue and Religion is directly promoted by them. I do not say that every man,—every person, who is actively and successfully engaged in the cultivation of delicate fruits and flowers, is of course a highly moral or religious man. Or that they who are not so engaged, and have but little or no taste for the employment, must be proportionably deficient in taste, or in correct and delicate moral feeling. We all know it to be otherwise. But I do maintain that none can engage heartily in those employments without being made better, in a moral and religious point of view,—without having the rugged features of their nature polished down, and their entire characters more or less refined. The employment itself,—the occupation as such, is highly favorable to Religion and virtue; for it keeps all the mental and moral powers in safety,—away from bad employ, or no employ at all. And it presents the least of temptation to wrong doing, to sin. In a word, the employment itself, in all its preparations, in all its details, and in all its tendencies and results, is innocent. Of all human occupations I can conceive of, there is the least of moral risk and exposure in that of Horticulture. And then the constant appeals that the whole process of this employment is continually making to our hope, to our confiding patience, to our diligent carefulness and forethought, to our gratitude, our benevolence,—to all the impulses of our better nature; and all these the very principles and affections, which it is the first object of Religion to inculcate and to cherish, can hardly help reminding us of our dependence upon the Providence of God, and strengthening our faith, our pious trust in him, and our many and constant obligations to him; cannot help being favorable to the cultivation and the exercise of piety and morality.

2. In the next place, our subject reminds us of the adaptation of the capabilities of Nature to the faculties, and to the wants of man;—of the entire subserviency of the earth,—of all the elements, in fact, to his use, to his convenience, to his happiness, to the sustenance both of his animal and his spiritual nature.

How prompt is nature to the calls of man, yielding her hidden stores at his bidding, and just in proportion as he shall bid;—in measure and in kind, in wonderfully exact proportion to his industry,—his watchful care,—his untiring efforts, his practised ingenuity and skill. And all these are essential, absolutely so to his success, to any degree of success in the delightful pursuits of Horticulture. Without these, what avail the richest soils, the most congenial skies? Without his industry and care and skill, earths of the most inexhaustible fertility, and clouds dropping down the dews and the rains in due season and measure; and suns the most propitious to warm the lap of nature into life and beauty, would only yield weeds, briars and thistles in ranker growth,—in more luxuriant harvest. And with the persevering industry and care, by the ingenuity and skill of men, the naked rocks of the ocean,—the wonted retreat of the sea-bird, have been overlaid with soil, and then covered with vegetation. By the industry, and ingenuity of man, the sea itself has been driven back. His everduring tide has been staid. And fertility and plenty have smiled and rejoiced; every thing 'pleasant to the sight, and good for food,' has been made to abound, where ages on ages his 'proud waves' had flowed. By the industry and the skill of man, gardens all gay with colors and redolent with perfume have been hung in the air, or made to float upon the tide.

In wonderfully exact proportion, I have said, to the industry, and care, and skill of man, does the earth yield her stores, in measure and in kind. According as we sow shall we reap. 'He that soweth sparingly shall reap also sparingly; and he that soweth bountifully, shall reap also bountifully.' 'Tis a Law of Nature, of Nature's God. I should say that it should be so. And no truth in morals or in science is more clearly established, than is this Law, by the rapid improvements that have very recently been made in this country, and in our immediate vicinity.

Most of us who have arrived at mature years can recollect and name almost all the different species and varieties of delicate and choice fruits and flowers, that were cultivated, in our childhood even in the gardens of the wealthy. And now many a humble citizen, with a few rods only of land is able to treat his friends, or to furnish the market, with many kinds and varieties of new and rich fruits and flowers. Whilst the more wealthy have increased the catalogue to an almost indefinite extent, in each different department of gardening, from the four quarters of the globe, and from almost every clime, and are still vieing with each other, yet farther to multiply the kinds, and to improve the quality of fine fruits and flowers. With the former, our markets are beginning to be plentifully supplied. And the sale of flowers has almost risen to the rank of a separate occupation. The Massachusetts Horticultural Society has been in existence but a very few years; and yet any one, who witnessed their last week's display of fruits and flowers, and culinary vegetables, must perceive that they have done wonders in horticultural improvements. And still it is with them, but 'the day of small things,' compared with what they are destined to accomplish, in this noble and ennobling, this most useful and ornamental art. They have but begun to shew the capabilities, even of our ordinary and poorer soils for improvement, when tasked by the industry and the skill of man. They have but begun to shew the immense and inexhaustible resources of nature, and of the human mind, and their reciprocal adaptation to each other, in producing whatever is pleasant to the sight and good for food.

And do these considerations furnish no proof of the overruling and directing providence of God? Most certainly they do. And in as much as they do so, they establish and confirm the general truth and divine authority of Religion.

But our limits forbid any thing, more than the bare mention of this topic, though a very interesting and important one. The subject reminds me of another interesting consideration also,—viz. that there is every where visible in the divine economy a renovating principle, 'Old things passing away, and all things becoming new.' That, strictly speaking, there is no such thing as destruction. That in all the decomposition, and transformation that is continually and forever going on around us, the forms of things only change. And they change only to be renewed;—to be reproduced, and appear in very much improved and more beautiful forms. And the most vile and loathsome forms and combinations of matter are made to contribute to these great and splendid results.

This topic also our limits forbid us any further to pursue.

Thus have I given you, my christian friends, a meagre sketch of the moral indications and influences of this most rich and copious subject. I have wished to record my own feelings and impressions, whilst they are fresh upon my soul. And if I shall have but faintly reflected them into your souls, I shall be well repaid for my labor and deem my humble service not wholly in vain.

I love to behold and to contemplate those splendid and cheering results of human labor and skill, for their own sake,—and for the immediate satisfactions they afford. I love them because they furnish so much, that is both pleasant to the sight and good for food, and thus contribute so much to the temporal comfort and happiness of man. I love them for the promise they give of still greater improvement,—of immensely increasing progress yet to come, and thus contributing still more to the temporal comfort and happiness of man. But I love them much more for their moral indications and influences, for the evidence they furnish of the progress of refined taste and moral sentiment; that man is returning, though slowly, to the Paradise from which he fell;—and for the aid they furnish to the progress of Christian principles and affections. And all this to my mind, they do incontestably prove. For I would disdain to limit the progress of pure Christianity to the influence of the Pulpit or the Press; or to the increase of any one, or all the christian sects; though God in his wisdom has been pleased to make 'the foolishness of preaching,' peculiarly instrumental to the progress of christian truth and righteousness. The influences of the Pulpit and of the Press, however important, are at the same time but local and occasional. Whilst the preaching of nature and of providence is universal and perpetual. This is the direct preaching of God. And throughout creation there are 'many kinds of voices,' continually proclaiming his existence,—his perfections, his presence, his providence, and his government; voices too, which we are apt to think but little of—which we do not always, as we ought, recognize and regard.

Finally, let our subject remind us of our spiritual nature and capacity, and of our many facilities for moral and religious improvement.

How fast the fruits of righteousness and of holiness would multiply in our lives, and flourish, and abound, if we engaged in their cultivation with the interest, with the earnestness and the zeal we are wont to exhibit in the pursuit of mere worldly objects;—in 'laboring for the meat, that perisheth,' and for fruits, which do not abide.

And may God, in his great goodness, assist our humble endeavors, that we may hereafter, with increasing diligence, and zeal and fidelity, labor for the fruits which *will* abide and abound; for that 'meat, which will endure unto everlasting life;' till every desolate and barren heart shall be glad; till every moral desert shall 'rejoice and blossom as the rose.' L. C.

SUNDAY SCHOOL EXCURSION AT SALEM.

We understand, the children of the Rev. Mr Thompson's Sunday School made an excursion on Wednesday last to Cold Spring, where, in company with their teachers and some of their parents, they passed a delightful afternoon. By the politeness of Mr Osborn and Mr Daniels, they were taken, (to the number of about seventy,) in carriages, to the lovely and retired spot which was to be the scene of their innocent pastime. Swings were suspended from the fine large oaks, the pleasure of which they enjoyed in turn. Upon the green lawn they skipped and gambolled like lambs,—acting out the beautiful instincts of their nature. At four o'clock, a cloth was spread upon the grass, (which served as a table;) and covered abundantly with cakes and fruits, and water from the clear spring,—decorated tastefully by the hands of the ladies with the flowers of the season. At the jingling of a bell the playful groups left their sports and ranged themselves, in Eastern fashion, around their primitive table. In a few words of kindness their Pastor then addressed them,—telling them of the interest felt by their parents and teachers in their happiness—of the toils and sacrifices to which the risen generations cheerfully submitted for the benefit of the rising, and reminding them that it was from the desire to make them happy that this afternoon's entertainments had been provided. But he wished them, he said, to connect all their pleasures with God as their source;—and *here* every thing spoke to us of Him. The golden sun gilding the hill-side, the clear blue sky-canopy, the rocks, the trees, the grass, the flowers, had each lent its part to their enjoyment, and all were God's handiwork. For those instincts and affections too which led their parents and teachers to provide this afternoon's pleasures they were indebted to the goodness of God. They should then be grateful to Him. After a short prayer, all partook, with happy faces and happier hearts, of their bountiful repast. They were then dismissed for play for a few moments; and when the hour arrived for their return home, they gathered together beneath the shade of a tree and sung, in sweet melody, the following Hymn, composed for the occasion by one connected with the School. The day was delightful, and all, from oldest to youngest, enjoyed it.

HERE in the field thy children, Lord!
Would pour to Thee their hymn of praise;
Here we would bow in sweet accord,
And bless the love which crowns our days.

As when of old on Tabor's height,
Judea's sons to Jesus came,
To hear thy word, and see the light,
That ray'd, from grass and flow'r, thy Name,

So now, around this crystal spring,
Thy happy children gather'd stand,
To bless thy power, thy love to sing,
And trace the wonders of thy hand.

In all the plants that bloom and fade,
In every bird that chirps and dies
Thy guardian care is full displayed,—
The faithful Love that hears our cries.

As birds and plants in beauty sweet,
Their grateful incense breathe to Thee,
May we, in innocence complete,
A living tribute ever be.

Behold us from thy dwelling-place,
And take the willing thanks we give,
That, children of a Christian race,
In Nature's light and love we live.

And when this beauteous scene shall end,
And, like the grass, our life shall fall,
Grant us to dwell with Thee, our Friend,—
To see thy face, Great All in All!—*Salem Obs.*

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

A cloudless and glorious morning ushered in the sixth of September, the day appointed for the annual festival of the Unitarian Sunday School in this town. Had the selection been left to the heart of man, usually so fastidious in its tastes, and unsatisfied with its own decisions, a more propitious day could not have been chosen. The harsh air of the few preceding days had been gradually softened down to a more balmy temperature, than even many a spring day can boast.

Truly *that* 'light was pleasant: For the day had been long fondly anticipated as a glad festival of the heart's most holy affections. And when the eyes of hundreds woke on that heaven-approving morning, far older hearts than the young members of our school, hailed its dawn with grateful joy; and we feel that more than one heart ascended in unuttered, but grateful thanksgiving to Him who had seemed to testify His approbation of our purpose, by thus giving us the smiles of His own heaven, and the fanning breezes of His gentle south wind.

It was pleasant to meet, as we did, beside the beaming eyes and glowing cheeks of our own children, other sweet lambs from distant folds, who had come, on that joyous day, to mingle the stranger's voice with ours, and take back, as they did, the stranger's blessing. And yet more cheering was it to greet those who are embarked with us in the same glorious mission; to join hand with christian fellowship; to open soul to christian communion; and feel that come up to rejoice with us, whose hearts could throb with ours in chastened joy, and, dearer than all, could sympathize with us in our own sinking and misgivings of heart. God bless and reward *them!* make *ourselves* more faithful and true to duty, and at length, bring us all to that holy festival, the truly spiritual feast in His kingdom of blessedness.

At an early hour in the day, our friends arrived. The morning was passed in showing them such parts of our village as were most likely to attract visitors. At one we assembled at the house of our Pastor, as joyous a band as one might e'er chance to meet with. Something more than the idle love of pleasure, had lured the children; and another aim than merely to kill time, had been the motive of the teachers. It was enough for the former to catch the kind glance and meet the friendly hand of their beloved Pastor; and it was feast enough for the latter, to gaze on that most touching of all earthly spectacles, an assembly of happy children.

The hour of worship in the house of God had arrived; and though all knew the appointed time, few could believe it had really arrived; for Old Time had lain by his leaden pinions for that day, and had availed himself of his gossamer wings as better suited to the occasion. One summoning word, and in a moment, the merry game, the harmless jest, the mirthful tone, were changed to the reverent expression more suitable to the house of God.

The services of the sanctuary were introduced with prayer by the Rev. Mr Hall of Providence; and addresses were delivered by Rev. Mr Bigelow, Rev. Charles F. Barnard, and E. Weston jr Esq.,—the latter two connected with the Warren St. Chapel, Boston. The numerous and well arranged procession returned to the house of the Pastor in the same order in which it had proceeded to the Church, where in the open air—in the shade of the noble overhanging trees embellishing the grounds,—a liberal, (and but for its anti-republicanism, we should say, princely,) entertainment had been furnished and made ready for the children and guests. After which a few remarks from gentlemen connected with each Delegation, were offered, expressive of the kind sentiments of those whose schools were represented. A generous number of 'love-tokens' from the children of the Warren St Chapel, were distributed. The blessing was asked by the Rev. Mr Bigelow; an Original Hymn prepared for the occasion was sung at the table; after which in general response, the Dismission Hymn was repeated by all present; and we separated.

In the evening a meeting was again held at the Church. Prayers were offered by the Pastor of the Society, followed by addresses on the duties of parents and Sunday School Teachers, by the Rev. Mr Barnard, and Mr Jarvis, Superintendent of the Rev. Mr Motte's Sabbath School, Boston.

Blessed! thrice b[lessed] we met, not to fl[atter] congratulations, not[e] forts, the praise and [a]monument of grati[tude] able to prosper and [bless] cord His mercy wh[ose] to pray for his bene[diction] enterprise.

Another duty, m[elancholy], yet pleasing, remains to be perform[ed]. We are called upon, on this occasion, to r[ecord] the deaths of three of our pupils, who h[ave] left us, since the close of the autumn of 18[37]. Bright, precious, and promising, we feel t[hat] they are transferred to the holier assembly, w[hich] circles their Blessed Master. We cherish [the] remembrance of their expanding virtues, as [a] sweet presage that the uncertain joys and of [fleeting] hopes of earth, have been exchanged [for] the holier delights and full fruition of heaven.

Taunton. Y. L. E.

HYMN SUNG AT THE FESTIVAL.

Low at Thy throne, Gr[eat] God! we bend,
Our filial sacrifice to [raise],
While to Thy gracious [throne] ascend
Our mingling notes [of] prayer and praise.

Again, Thy presence w[ould] we seek;
For pardon to Thy t[hrone] we turn;
The contrite heart, the [spirit] meek,
Father! Thy love wi[ll] never spurn.

That love,—our sure, u[nfailing] shield,—
Preserved *us* through [the] former year;
Its strength, all powerful [arm], was revealed,
When danger, doubt a[nd] death were near.

Sadly, with dim and teari[ful] eye,
The seats, made vacan[t], we behold:
Yet faith our loved ones [can] descry,
Safe in their Shepherd['s] Heavenly fold.

To Thee, our harvest-gif[t] we bring;
Let all the harvest-ant[hem] swell.
Accept the meed, Eternal [King]!
And let Thy influence [with] us dwell.

Our gift,—it is the low-b[reathed] prayer,
The swelling strain of [grateful] praise.
Our tongues, Thy glory [shall] declare,
Whose goodness crown[s] our lengthened days.

So when *life's* autumn day [shall] come,
And call Thy servants [to] their rest,
Grant we may sing our [harvest] home,
Mid the bright myriads [of] the blest.

In holier, more angelic st[rains],
Our harps shall join th[e] choir above,
Where grandeur, glory, [rapture] reigns,
And heaven is one wid[e] realm of love.

THE QUIETIST.

It may be queried wh[ether] even the Great Agitator of Ireland and [of] Britain does not sometimes, in his better [hours], as at sunset or at dawn, dream of a s[eason] and a place of tranquillity, where the w[icked] cease from trouble and where the weary [are] at rest. It is the troubled sea *that cannot* [*rest*], whose surges cast up mire and dirt. But t[he] world has not yet reached its Sabbatism; [nor] will it, in our day. The Turks are said to [marvel] at the fidgetty habits of Europeans, wh[o] must needs pace about the floor or promenade [the] terrace, instead of sitting hour after hour [in] the dignified repose of the divan. What we[uld] they think of Anglo Americans, who s[eem], from Mason and Dixon's line to the Lake[s], bitten with the gadfly of locomotion! Ste[am], wind, water, gas, and animal power, all ar[e] invoked without complete satisfaction; and a[s] Alexander wept for a world, the Yankee is [perhaps] born who will weep because the globe [is] not meet for God's service, [and] when it was sung by a sightless but illumi[ned] bard,

'They also serve who [only] stand and wait:'

But now the religion of [men] and communities is measured by the am[ount] of motion. The great aim is to shake [every] thing to pieces. The writer, preacher, lecturer, or haranguer who most stimulates and convulses, is the greatest; 'who peppers highest is most sure to please.'

There is a vulgar saying, that it takes all sorts of people to make a world. I go for a simpler classification. The world is made up of just *two* sorts, the quiet and the unquiet. Let me gain the ear of that few but fit audience, who hold that virtue is not attained—like butter—by agitation. Let me invite them away from the hum, and buzz, the sweat and dust, the sarcasm and invective of the hustings and the anniversary, to the church, the closet, the river side, the mountain, the copse, the lone shore. Let me lead the child, not yet inoculated with the virus of impatience, to learn his best lessons under the awful shadow of religion, or listen to the voice of mute creation:

Have not We too?—yes, we have
Answers, and we know not whence;
Echoes from beyond the grave,
Recognised intelligence!

Often as thy inward ear
Catches such rebounds, beware,—
Listen, ponder, hold them dear;
For of God,—of God they are.

The still small voice of true Wisdom cannot be heard in the conflict of passion. Alas! when will parents and teachers learn, that our beloved youth have a discipline to undergo which demands seclusion; a growth which seeks the shade! Amidst hurry and transport it is impossible that the best principles should gain ground, as for the tree to take root among the surf of the Atlantic. Wisdom seems to stand in our streets and cry to the passing crowds, entreating them to go aside from the throng, to court silence, to look within and muse, to repent, to exercise faith in things above sense.—*Newark Sentinel.*

PAPAL DECREE OF 1837 AGAINST INFANT SCHOOLS. [From the Baltimore Literary and Religious Magazine.] The congregation of the Supreme Inquisition have addressed the following circular to all the bishops of the States of the church. We copy it from the Italian journals:

'Most Illustrious and Reverend Lord: The Supreme Congregation knew that exertions were making to introduce into the Pontifical States, the Schools called 'Free Schools,' or *Sales d' Asyle*, for children of both sexes; and that books containing a little form of instructions had been printed and circulated, which are not edited in that truly catholic spirit which ought to preside in the formation of the first ideas of the mind, and the first feelings of the heart. My colleagues, the eminent Inquisitors General, having given attention to this interesting subject, have thought that it would be a thing full of danger, to say nothing more, to permit the introduction of the said Infant Schools in the Pontifical States. They have therefore thought proper to forbid them, and to communicate this determination to all the bishops. This step has been fully approved by his Holiness. Your most holy and reverend Lordship, in case any persons shall endeavor to establish in your diocese, schools on the plan of Infant Schools, will employ all your zeal and care to prevent their formation. I respectfully kiss the hands of your Lordship, and remain your most devoted servant,

CARDINAL ODESCHALCHI.

Rome, August 10, 1837.'

AN AGED TEACHER.

The Rev. Dr. Ripley of Concord, now in his eighty-eighth year, preached a discourse to the youthful portion of his people on Sunday last, from the words in Ecclesiastes: 'Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them.' The discourse was delivered extemporaneously, and as he advanced in his subject he seemed to grow warm therein, until he was in verity the 'old man eloquent.' There appears to be something peculiarly impressive in witnessing an aged servant, like the one under notice, imparting instruction to the young. Who so capable to form just views of God and Christianity as one who has spent a long life in his service; and who so well calculated to sow the seeds and administer the comforts and consolations of religion, as he who has reaped a rich harvest?

The Rev. Dr. Ripley was born at Woodstock, Conn. May 1, 1751, and it may perhaps be considered a singular coincidence, that it was the same month, and day of the month, which gave birth to Rev. Dr. Emmons—the latter being six years older.

Dr. Ripley was graduated at Harvard College in 1776, and from the same institution received the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity. He was ordained over the Church and Society at Concord, November 7th, 1778, and has now consequently nearly completed the sixtieth year of his ministry. 'During a long and useful ministry,' says Shattuck's History of C. 'few things have occurred to interrupt the uncommon harmony which prevailed in the church and town at his ordination.' It is a remarkable fact, that, for 40 years of his ministry, not a single individual in the town paid a ministerial tax to any other Society, and that for 190 years, till 1855, (except in one instance, in the day of a former pastor,) the whole town was united in one Society. Shattuck adds, that the 11th of November, 1828, was the 50th anniversary of his ordination, on which occasion he delivered his half-century sermon, which was published. In that we are informed he had written 2500 sermons.

Something over a quarter of a century since, the witer of this article, then a youth, was wont to listen to the counsels of him who was *then* considered an old man; but Time, who has borne along both teacher and taught to the present hour, has spared his ravaging hand so at this time this aged servant is still able to speak to another generation. This has been done by perseverance in a constant and systematic exercise of his corporeal and mental powers.—*Norfolk Ad.*

On the last Sabbath in June, the Rev. Dr Snell, of North Brookfield, preached a sermon [which] has been published at the request of his [con]gregation. That Sabbath completed the [fif]tieth year of his ministry, and was the occa[sion] of the discourse. It will doubtless sur[prise] some to learn that for forty years, with the exception of three Sabbaths in 1813, when the Doctor was disabled by sickness, he 'has been laid aside but one and a half days.' He has preached 2000 written sermons, several of which have been published. He has generally attended three services on the Sabbath, besides all his occasional and numerous week day labors; and what may perhaps surprise others, we may say, although it is not stated in the sermon, the Doctor has reared a family of eight children, given one son (Profesor Snell, of Amherst College) a public, and all the rest of his family a good education, lived in good style and with much hospitality, and yet has never received but 400 dollars salary per annum!—*Boston Journal.*

At the last Sunday School monthly concert in Philadelphia, a techer stated that upon looking over his class books for the seventeen years of his service, he found that three-fourths of his pupils had become professors of religion, and several of them ministers at home and abroad. If this were the result of every teacher's labors, what a difference would appear in the state of society in ten years!—*S. S. Journal.*

CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

BOSTON, SEPTEMBER 29, 1838.

To the Editor of the Christian Register.

Dear Sir,—I hope you will excuse me if I request you to answer this note, in the columns of your paper; not for my own satisfaction only, but to enlighten the minds of many of your readers upon a subject which causes, I am well convinced, considerable uneasiness.

The Rev. Ralph Waldo Emerson is known as a *Unitarian Minister*. He was for two or three years pastor of the same church in Boston over which you are now settled. He still, I believe, occasionally preaches. He was chosen by the class which graduated at the Cambridge Theological School, a few months ago to address and counsel them preparatory to their undertaking the solemn office of the public ministry of our holy religion. This appointment he accepted and discharged.

He is therefore identified in the public mind with Unitarianism. He is spoken of by many as a leading and eminent Unitarian. Now, I think, together with, I believe, the great majority of the community, that the sentiments advanced at various times by Mr Emerson, and especially the opinions and notions expressed in his address at the Divinity School, are at war with the distinctive features of Christianity, derogatory to the character and offices of the Savior and Mediator; tinctured with infidelity, if not with pantheism or atheism; and calculated of course, to do injury to the Church, as well as to offend the feelings of christians in general, and in particular, of the unlettered and humble.

I earnestly desire then, that you would inform myself and the public through the medium of your paper, which is rightly regarded as the organ of the Unitarian body, whether this gentleman is esteemed by you as a fair representative of the sentiments of Unitarians in New England: or what is his relation to the sect, and how you regard him.

I am well aware of the delicacy which you must feel about treating this subject in your Editorial capacity, but trust that you will not deem it proper or necessary to refuse compliance with my request, which is dictated by no personal dislike to Mr Emerson, and by no improper motives, but solely by a deep and sincere regard to the cause of Liberal Christianity, and the interests of religion.

I remain yours respectfully.

We shall not hesitate to comply with the request contained in the above lettter. The source from which it comes, is a sufficient guaranty to us that it was prompted by the worthy and commendable motives, by which the writer professes to be influenced. We shall answer the questions proposed with the utmost candor; and in so doing, are well assured that we shall have the approval of no one of our readers sooner than of the excellent friend of whom we speak.

Mr Emerson *has* been for several years a Unitarian Minister, and we believe *does* still occasionally preach. He is not however, and never has been a *representative* of the denomination, or of any large class of it. His sentiments on some subjects are known to have been at variance with those of a large majority of the Unitarian community. His connexion with the Second Church and society in Boston was dissolved by mutual consent, on account of some peculiarities of opinion on his part. As a serious and earnest teacher of severe and lofty morality, as an eloquent and ingenious writer of sermons, as a conspicuous exemplar and preacher of simple and unaffected piety, he has always and deservedly, occupied a high place in the esteem and love of those who have known and appreciated him best. But many of his speculations, theories and doctrines have from the first given offence to many who respect and admire him as a man. Not a few of the Unitarian Clergy and laity have always criticised and censured them.

But the circumstance of Mr Emerson having been elected to address a Graduating class at the Divinity School, seems to be considered by many as an indication that he was regarded at Cambridge as a fit Teacher and model to our young preachers, both in regard to doctrine and character. This inference, however, is a mistake. He was chosen to perform that office by the *Class* only, and not by the Government of the School, or by the voice of the Unitarian community. The class consisted only of about a half a dozen young men. Of these we have understood that Mr Emerson received the votes of a bare majority, (the rest afterwards consenting). The Professors, we believe, were surprised at the selection made by the class: and so, we know, were the great body of the Unitarian clergy. And this—for the very reason that *they did not consider Mr Emerson as a fair representative of the denomination.* Besides, he had had but a very short experience as a Pastor—was not at the time, considered as a regular Unitarian minister—was known to entertain opinions at variance with those of many of the friends and founders of the School, and was not a fit person to counsel those who were about going forth to build up or confirm the churches, and support all the ordinances of the Gospel.

The result has been what we expected. Mr Emerson was too honest to dissemble or cloak his opinions, and his convictions were too earnest to be smothered. He uttered his own word in the desk of the Cambridge Chapel, as if he had been in a Lecture room, or in his own quiet study at Concord. He published them to the world without fear, or re-coloring. They are not popular; they are denounced as heretical; they are ridiculed as mystical; they are satirized as absurd; they are protested against as profane. So it must be. So the world must clamor. So the Innovator must be buffeted. So the Theorizer must be shaken and sifted. It is his fate: and we suppose that Mr Emerson does not shrink from meeting what he has not hesitated to expose himself to. One thing is certain—if truth and purity of heart consent to him in his thinking and his uttering concerning Christ and his religion, he can no more be disturbed by the popular roar than is the evening star shaken by the ripples that trifle with its image as it is dimly and uncertainly reflected on the surface of the fickle sea—but if error and an unworthy intent have influenced his opinions or their expression, there is One that judgeth and One that will condemn, whose voice shaketh the cedars, and is more awful than the tumult of the people and the thunders of the pulpit and the press.

For one, we are not yet prepared to join with those who condemn Mr Emerson; or to believe that he is either an Infidel, a Pantheist or an Atheist. We cannot indeed agree with some of his sentiments; we cannot approve of some of his speculations; we cannot always discern the exact sense of his language; we cannot always be certain that he has himself fully analysed and systematised his opinions; we cannot commend his Cambridge Address; but, that he is a highly gifted, accomplished and holy man, and at heart and in life a Christian; we shall not cease to believe and to declare, until we see the best of reasons for changing an opinion not hastily nor suddenly formed.

That however, he is to be considered as a

representative of Unitarian sentiments, or that Liberal Christians are called upon to father and answer for all his peculiarities of opinion, this we stoutly deny; and not more stoutly, we are convinced, than would that gentleman himself.

SPIRITUAL DESTITUTION IN SCOTLAND.

It is almost incredible that there should be immense multitudes of people in Scotland who are destitute of the ordinances and instructions of our holy religion. It is a singular phenomenon that such a state of things should have been allowed to exist directly under the eyes of a Christian community. *A Circular published by the Committee of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland on Church Extension*, states, that not in Edinburgh and Glasgow alone, grievous destitution is found to prevail, but that in all large towns, and in many of the country parishes, the most strenuous exertions are called for. In only five parishes in Dundee, statistical inquiries lately instituted, terminated in the appalling result of a population, of 36,624, of whom 15,918 of seven years of age, and capable of attending divine ordinances, had no right of accommodation in any place of worship whatever. Similar statements may be made respecting Paisley, Aberdeen, Falkirk, Dunfermline, and all the large towns.

And yet, in connexion with this melancholy picture, there is also represented in the same Circular, an instance of generous enterprise and wonderful success on the part of the church of Scotland, that is worthy of all praise and remembrance.

The labors of the Church Extension Committee have hitherto been so far blessed, that in a space of less than four years, steps have been taken for the erection of no less than 180 new churches. Of these, about 100 have already been opened for public worship, and nearly that number have fixed and permanent laborers. In all these, the most complete and remarkable success has attended the experiment of opening the new church, and the most beneficial effects have been produced on the neighboring population. A single instance of failure is not known to the Committee.

This is, indeed, a most impressive and striking fact. It shows conclusively,—if there were need of any additional evidence to substantiate the fact,—the eminent practicability of efforts to extend the blessed influences of Christianity, if they are earnestly and rationally undertaken; and furnishes moreover, a splendid example to Christians everywhere, and strong encouragement to engage more extensively and devotedly in *Domestic Missions*.

BAPTISM OF A CHINESE.

The singular and interesting case of a native of China removing to England, and there publicly renouncing his old superstition and receiving the rite of Baptism, lately occurred, in the person of Choo-tih-lang.

He made his public profession of Christianity in the presence of a crowded assembly at Dr Burder's Chapel, Hackney.

He was born in the province of Quangtung or Canton, about 80 miles from the city of that name. Having visited Borneo to procure a better subsistence for himself and family, he was employed by Mr Medhurst, a Missionary, as a Copyist of the Scriptures. When Mr M. returned to England, his Chinese amanuensis accompanied him. While residing in England, a number of ladies in Hackney taught him the English language, and gradually instilled into his mind the principles of the Christian faith.

He is represented as intelligent and earnestly desirous of being enabled to do something for the conversion of his countrymen, on his return to his native land.

ENCOURAGING FACTS IN RELATION TO INDIA.

We learn from the Friend of India, as we have seen extracts made from its intelligence in the Recorder, the following interesting particulars.

THE YEAR 1837 IN INDIA.—To British India, the year 1837 was distinguished, 1st by the improvement of internal communication by means of a new post office act; a measure that unites all parts of the empire under one common arrangement, facilitates the intercourse of society, and gives a new impulse to the progress of improvement. 2nd, by abridging one half the distance between India and England, through the establishment of a monthly steam communication between them. 3d, by the restoration to the people of the use of their vernacular language in the transaction of all public business, of which they had been deprived more than 600 years. By means of this change, the science, the knowledge, and the improvements of Europe will be gradually incorporated in languages which no Conqueror can sweep away, and which will survive all future storms of adversity.

EDUCATION IN INDIA.—The General Committee of public instruction at Calcutta, appointed by the Government, report, that the whole sum expended during 1836, was about 3[illegible]0,000 Rupees, or, $180,000. They have thirty Seminaries under their care, and 4,654 pupils; all, but about 200, Hindoos and Mohammedans. The principal object is to extend the knowledge of the English language.

The vernacular language of India, is now the language of the Courts, and of all public business; not the Persian as heretofore, nor the English as its substitute.

The success of missionary operations in Burmah, notwithstanding rumors of wars, is quite unprecedented in Eastern missions.

The king of Burmah has appointed one of the Christians as governor of the Karens. This is the more remarkable, as he dismissed the missionaries from Ava, with so much peremptoriness.

An Indian female orphan Refuge,' is established midway between Calcutta and Barrackpore, under the care of Mrs Wilson, where a considerable number of these friendless ones are fed and clothed, and educated to occupy stations of laborious industry.

The Infant school system is esteemed well adapted to India. It is in progress in Calcutta. The Bishop and other influential men favor it. It has not yet extended much beyond the city. The only schools of any note independent of those of Calcutta, are at Burdwan, Chinsurah and Vizagapatam.

A Free School at Calcutta extends the blessing of religious instruction to upwards of 400 destitute children. They are also clothed and fed and lodged at the expense of the institution.

We understand that Rev. James Walker, D. D., has been nominated to the Professorship of Moral Philosophy in the University at Cambridge; and Jared Sparks Esq. to that of History. Both these appointments will be highly popular; and beth will without a doubt be accepted by the gentlemen.

Alvan Stewart Esq., was recently prosecuted in New York State, for disregarding the claims of the Sabbath, by delivering a Lecture on Temperance and procuring signatures to a petition to the Legislature, on Sabbath evening. He was fined one dollar.

According to a calculation recently made, the number of pupils who frequent the elementary schools of France, amounts to 2,332,580. There are 473 of these schools established in different parts of Paris.

We have somewhere read that the poet Campbell has calculated that a man who shaves himself every day and lives to the age of threescore and ten, expends during his life as much time in the act of shaving as would have sufficed for learning seven languages!!

We suppose this is a good specimen of the 'Poetry of Mathematics.'

BUNKER HILL MONUMENT.

At a recent meeting of the Directors of the Bunker Hill Monument Association, it was agreed that efforts be immediately made to raise by subscription a sum sufficient to complete the monument. The following resolution was adopted.

Resolved, That a committee be appointed to prepare a circular to be addressed, in the name of the Association, to such individuals and public bodies as may be supposed willing to co-operate with us in the efforts now proposed to be made for the completion of the Monument, requesting their assistance; and that these circulars be sent by the Subscription Committee, to the New England Societies in New York, Philadelphia and Charleston, to other similar societies in other parts of the Union, and to other societies, public bodies, and individuals at their discretion.

The Committee appointed agreeably to this resolution is composed of his Excellency Edward Everett, Joseph T. Buckingham, George Darracott, Nathan Hale, Samuel T. Armstrong. And it was then voted that this Committee be requested to appoint the Committee contemplated in the first resolution, for procuring subscriptions.

We earnestly hope that this effort on the part of the Directors, will not be in vain.

MIRIAM.

We are happy to see a second and revised edition of this beautiful Dramatic Poem.

The modest and appropriate preface which accompanies it will afford a better introduction to our Readers, than could any thing which we might be prompted to say on its behalf.

PREFACE TO THE SECOND EDITION.

The author of Miriam deeply regrets having given her early production to the press, in 1837, without such revision as her respect for the Public demanded. Many errors of carelessness, especially in rhythm, bore testimony to its having been written without a thought of publication; and when at last she yielded to solicitation, and in a temporary access of courage gave up her manuscript to a friend, the state of her eyesight forbade a deliberate examination of its pages. It would have been advisable to have waited a few months;—in that case, probably the work would never have emerged from privacy. Her dread of publication would have returned upon her with fresh strength, as she again contemplated some graver faults, which are so interwoven with the very texture of the poem, as to be incurable. The voice of Criticism has pronounced upon them no censures so severe as those her own judgment long since whispered. Whilst acknowledging the justice of these strictures—in all instances kindly expressed—she has been induced, by the unlooked for commendations that have greeted her little work, to put forth a second edition;—but this she has not done, without first attempting, in the following pages, to repair whatever errors were susceptible of correction.

September 30th, 1838.

FIRESIDE EDUCATION.

This is calculated to be a very useful Book. Our Readers will find two interesting selections from it on our first page. They will sufficiently recommend it. It is on sale at Weeks, Jordan & Co's.

We understand that two sermons delivered by Rev. H. Ware Jr. D. D., and elicited as it is reported, by the Address of Mr Emerson, at the Divinity School, are in press, and will shortly be published by James Munroe & Co.

WILLIAM TELL.

Mr Brooks has executed his translation of Schiller's William Tell with great skill and taste. We recommend it to all the Lovers of good literature; and to all the admirers of Schiller, or of the famous Hero and thrilling incidents of the piece.

C. H. A. D,—and Tiverton next week.

HORTICULTURAL EXHIBITION.

We can but echo the universal expression of satisfaction and delight which the rich and various display at the Horticultural Rooms, last week, has met.

A Clergyman of the city has furnished us a Sermon preached to his parish on the occasion, which we give without abbreviation.

N. B. A sentence of our own in the last Register might be misconstrued. It was as follows—'The very creed called the Apostles', &c. is the Unitarian's creed.' All we meant to express was that *a Unitarian might* consistently use that ancient creed.

INTELLIGENCE.

Eastern Rail Road.—The meeting of the stockholders of the Eastern Rail Road, to consider the expediency of the immediate continuation of the road to Newburyport, was held at Salem on Saturday. The attendance was so full that it was found necessary to adjourn from the Mansion House to the Town Hall, nine-tenths of the whole stock being represented. Able reports of the Directors and the Engineer were presented, and, after full discussion, the following resolutions were adopted, only 460 shares voting in the negative.

Resolved, That the Eastern Rail Road Company are pledged in good faith to go on and complete their Railroad as far as Newburyport.

Resolved, That the present time is the best time to proceed with the work of the Road, to its completion.

Resolved, That is the wish of the Stockholders that the Directors proceed with all the despatch consistent with due economy, to construct and complete the Road to Newburyport.

Resolved, That whenever satisfactory assurances are given, that the Railroad from Portsmouth to the Massachusetts line will be built, that the Directors be requested forthwith to put the Road from Newburyport to the line of the State under contract.

A report was made to the Directors on Saturday, by the Superintendent, from which it appears that the number of tickets sold in the twenty-two travelling days which have elapsed since the road was opened, was 24,167, or an average of 1,098 a day; and the amount of receipts from the sale was $9,379, or an average of $426 a day.

The number of persons who visited the State House and ascended to the Cupola, from the 20th August to the 20th September, was 8,188. During the four weeks preceding, it was 6,371. The monthly average since May exceeds 6,000. This immense increase in the number of visters is undoubtedly owing to the excellent arrangements of Mr Stevens, the Sergeant at Arms, which enables *ladies* to visit any part of the building, whether accompanied by gentlemen or not, without dread of insult or offence.

Natural Science. A correspondent of the Boston Daily Advertiser, after referring, with very proper expressions of gratification, to a recent notice in that paper of the munificence of G. W. Brimmer Esq. and Hon. F. C. Gray, to the Boston Athenæum—proceeds to say;—

But while I rejoice at every token of remembrance, and every accession to our deservedly cherished Athenæum, I cannot avoid hoping that a kindred institution may not be entirely overlooked, I mean the Boston Society of Natural History. Science and Art, are yoke-fellows. They are both but beginning to gain a footing in this country; and, I am encouraged to think that the recent munificence to art, betokens that a corresponding regard for science is in store. The Society above mentioned, is devoted to the cultivation of Natural History. To those who understand the importance of this branch of Science, nothing recommendatory need be said; and I will not here undertake to render interested those, who do not appreciate it. What particular claims the Society may have to encouragement, may be best understood by a visit to its collection over the Savings Bank. It may well be doubted if greater zeal and progress can be adduced, in any liberal enterprise, than is there exhibited by the number and variety of objects collected, and the extent to which they have been classified and determined, by so few individuals as have been actively engaged, and under such forbidding circumstances.

The principal hindrance has been the want of books. Works on Natural History are descriptive and cannot be abridged, and retain their value; they are consequently voluminous. They are also illustrated with numerous engravings; and this, together with the limited demand for such works, renders them very expensive. Unfortunately, too, those who devote themselves to the pursuits of science are not often among the rich, but they are young professional men, who with difficulty, obtain even the books requisite for their calling. Very few works on Natural History, have ever been brought to this country; and those few are scattered here and there so as to be of very little use to any body. The mulitudes of new objects which have been found in this country are first described in Europe, because no one here has the power to say that *they are new*. But this need not be. Provide books, and American Naturalists will speedily repay some of the debt due to their European brethren. Philadelphia is justly regarded as the emporium of science in the U. States. More has been done in that city for Natural Science, than in all the rest of the country united. And it is principally because they have had a Maclure to sustain them there. Mr Say could never have spent his life in investigating the natural objects over the wide extent of all our land and have done himself and his country so much honor, had he not been sustained and furnished with every necessary work attainable by Maclure. Neither would such a circle of distinguished Naturalits have been found at Philadelphia, had not their ardor been excited and nourished by his munificence, and all their endeavors facilitated by an access to the splendid Library presented by him to the Academy of Natural Sciences. Similar advantages would render Boston equally illustrious with her sister city in this respect.

The Library at present consists of about 300 books and pamphlets in about as many volumes. But they are works collected without selection, almost entirely by donations of here and there a volume from an individual, which had lain useless in its solitude, but which it was thought might be useful in such a place. And doubtless there are many other volumes, scattered and useless, about our city, which would not only be *additions*, but *valuable* ones to this Library. No one therefore, either at home or abroad, need fear that any thing he may meet with, will be likely to be unacceptable. Indeed, it would seem almost incredible that after five years, there should not even be a copy of 'Cuvier's Animal Kingdom,' the very Alpha and Omega of Natural History, at the present day belonging to the Society. No works, especially those illustrative of Europe, and the North of Europe more particularly, will come amiss.

There is one thing which gives this Institution a special claim to consideration:—that is, it is essentially a *public* Institution,—the most so, of any in the city.—It is not only accessible to all persons at all times, by application to a member, but is once a week (Wednesday noon,) opened expressly for the public, of all ages and conditions. This gives it unusual claim to the regard of the benefactors of our race.

I have taken the liberty to offer these few statements, conscious that there are those who are always thankful to know where they may safely and efficiently bestow their benefactions. This Institution, I believe, to be an object of this kind, highly deserving encouragement; and I feel confident that any other person would accord with me, if he would but visit the collection.

Accidental Poisoning from Corrosive Sublimate, is very common, and it ought to be generally known, that an article can readily be obtained, which is an antidote: Albumen overcomes the deleterious influence of that virulent poison. This exists, nearly in its purity, in the white of eggs. The great chemist Orfila, elucidated from his numerous experiments, this result, to which another celebrated chemist (Thenard) owed his life. One day, while lecturing, he sipped by mistake a solution of corrosive sublimate; (enough to cause his death) but having the white of an egg at hand, he quickly swallowed it, and sustained no inconvenience from the poison he drank.

Imitation Wines.—It is not, perhaps, generally known, that very large establishments exist at Cette and Marseilles, in the south of France, for the manufacture of every description of wines, the natural produce not only of France, but of all other wine-growing and wine-exporting countries. Some of these establishments are on so large a scale as to give employment to an equal, if not greater, number of persons than our large breweries. It is no uncommon occurrence with speculators engaged in this sort of illicit traffic, to purchase and ship imitation wines, fabricated in the places named, to Madeira, where, by collusion with persons in the Custom-house department of the island, the wines are landed in the entrepot, and thence, after being branded with the usual marks of the genuine Madeira vintage, reshipped. The scale of gratuity for this sort of work to the officials interested, may be estimated by the fact, that, on one occasion, 70 pipes were thus surreptitiously passed at a charge of 1,000 dollars. It is a circumstance no less singular, that the same manœuvre is said to be commonly carried on with counterfeit wine made up in Cette and Marseilles and thence despatched to Oporto, where the same process of landing, branding, and reshipment as genuine port is gone through, the destination of this spurious article being most generally the United States. Such is the extent of this nefarious commerce, that one individual alone has been pointed out in the French ports who has been in the habit of despatching four times in the year 35,000 bottles of champagne each shipment, of wines not the produce of the champagne districts, but fabricated in these wine factories.

The distinguished philosopher and phrenologist George Combe of Edinburgh, accompanied by his lady has arrived at New York in the Great Western. Mr Combe will visit this city soon, and about the 10th of October next, commence a series of lectures on objects connected with the philosophy of the human mind.

The Hudson and Berkshire Railroad is to be opened on Wednesday next. This Railroad unites with the Western Railroad, which is now in progress from Worcester to the western boundary of this State, at West Stockbridge. The cars are to leave Hudson for West Stockbridge, at 8 o'clock, A. M.

On the 31st ult about 500 Mormons passed through Preble county, O., on their way to reinforce their brethren in Missouri.

At a regular meeting of the Harmony Association, Sutton, Mr. Charles Cleveland, City Missionary and Chaplain of the House of Correction, South Boston, was ordained, as an Evangelist. Introductory Prayer, by Rev. Mr. Edwards of Mendon; Sermon, by Rev. Mr. Eliot of Milbury; Consecrating prayer, by Rev Mr. Holman of Douglas, Charge by Rev. Mr. Wood of Upton; Right Hand of Fellowship, by Rev. Mr. Tracy of Sutton; Concluding Prayer, by Rev. Mr. Burdett, of Northbridge.—*Comm.*

Detroit now has a population of some ten thousand residents, and has grown to its present importance altogether by the aid of the Erie Canal. In 1834, the number of inhabitants was but 4973. At that time there were 477 dwelling houses, and 64 stores and warehouses. Now there are between thirteen and fourteen hundred dwelling houses and stores, some of which are as large as you will find in the Atlantic cities. There are three banks—the Michigan, Farmers' and Mechanics', and the Michigan State Bank, each with a capital of $100,000. There are about ninety steamboats and other vessels belonging to this port, registering over 6000 tons. Of an estimate made last year, of the intercourse with the opposite shore (Canada,) the following was the result—'20 pairs of horses, 200 pairs of oxen, and 800 persons cross the Detroit ferry monthly.'

The city is supplied with water from the Detroit river, by hydraulic works. There are three markets, which are well supplied, chiefly by the French habitants, who reside along the shore on either side of the river; these are much like the Lower Canadians who attend the markets of Montreal and Quebec. The markets have almost every necessary that can be desired, and even many of the luxuries of the season, such as fish, wild fowl, game of almost every description, and fine fruit. Detroit has its literary institutions, seminaries, &c.; St Philip's College, under the patronage of the Catholic bishop; a female seminary, said to be an excellent protestant institution; St Clare's seminary, and others, which I have not the means of describing.

There are eight churches in the city, some of them large, elegant and costly. The Catholic was the first religious society formed here, about the year 1700. In 1701 the first military detachment was sent here from Montreal, and with it came a Catholic chaplain. The first Catholic Church was built 115 years ago, and was destroyed by the great fire in 1805. The present church was commenced in 1827, but was not completed until 1834. It is of stone, 116 feet long, and 60 feet wide, in the clear, and is well finished. There are two steeples in the front, and in the centre a large dome, some thirty feet high. The bishop of this church is the Rev. Dr Reese, a German. There is a second Catholic church, called the Holy Trinity, chiefly for the English population.

Pursuant to a notice, the friends of the law of 1838 for the regulation of the sale of ardent spirits, assembled in large numbers at the Masonic Temple, on the evening of Tuesday the 25th inst.

Hon. James Savage, at a few minutes after 7 o'clock called the meeting to order.

The Hon. Jonathan Phillips was then chosen Moderator, and Messrs John A Bolles and Harrison Gray, Secretaries of the meeting.

Mr. Savage then addressed the assembly, and gave a brief history of the passage of the law and of his own action, thereon.

Mr. Edward Brooks offered the following preamble and Resolutions, supporting them in a brief but very able speech.

Whereas the use of Alcohol as a drink is universally admitted to be injurious to health, and experience has proved that it is equally hurtful to public morals and the peace of society, as it has a direct tendency to EXCITE to acts of violence; to unfit men for the discharge of their duties in the various relations of life, and so promote idleness, pauperism and crime, it is the duty of every well ordered community, by all legal means to discourage and repress it.

Therefore Resolved, That the various license laws formerly enacted in this Commonwealth, have been productive of incalculable mischief, by expressly authorizing the sale of alcohol as a drink, thus lending the sanction of the State to the traffic, and holding it up to the people as a harmless and useful occupation.

Resolved, That it is the right and duty of the Legislature to protect the young and inexperienced from temptation and imposition; to secure peaceable citizens in the enjoyment of good order, and the industrious and sober part of society from being burdened by the support of the dissolute and worthless.

Resolved, That for these purposes it is essential that the sale of ardent spirits in small quantities, except for medical and mechanical uses, should no longer be protected by public authority, and that the law lately adopted with great unanimity by the Legislature of this Commonwealth, being founded on this principle, recommends itself to the support of the people, and ought not to be repealed.

Resolved, That such being the views of this meeting in regard to the momentous question which now agitates this community, involving deeply, in their opinion, the character and well being of the State; they earnestly call on every good citizen at least to inform himself upon its merits, before he lends his influence in aid of the strenuous exertions now making to restore to the petty traffic in spirits the sanction of law.

Resolved, That this meeting will cordially cooperate with the friends of Temperance and good order in all parts of the Commonwealth, in such measures as may be deemed best calculated to explain and vindicate the principles on which it is based.

The Resolutions were then unanimously passed.

Mr. Crosby, Agent of the Mass. Temperance Union offered the following Resolution; viz.

Resolved, That facts gathered from the official reports of the various boards of direction of the alms houses, houses of Industry and penitentiaries in this Commonwealth, and the collected experience of wise and good men in every country, town and village, prove that the traffic in ardent spirits is not favorable to the poor, and the ground taken by the opponents of the new Law, that it is oppressive to the poor is as unmerciful as it is false.

The next resolution was presented and advocated by Mr. Amasa Walker, and was adopted in the words following, viz:

Resolved, That this meeting recommend that memorials be sent in from all parts of the State to the Legislature, at their next session, against any change in the License Laws which will admit the retail traffic in alcoholic drinks.

On motion of Mr. Robert C. Waterston, the following resolution was unanimously adopted.

Resolved, That we view with peculiar satisfaction the praiseworthy example of those persons, who have at any time, and some quite recently, given up the traffic in ardent spirit.

Mr. Damon, after an address of great comic power as well as sound sense, presented the following pithy resolution, viz:

Resolved, That we try the new license law before we condemn it.

It was carried by acclamation.

On motion of Mr. Harrison Gray, it was

Resolved, That it is the duty of all good citizens to support the principles of the new License Law for the influence it may have on the legislature of other States.

Dr. W. Channing then moved the appointment of a committee of seven to draft an address to the people of this Commonwealth, upon the subject of the license law of 1838, and to print and to circulate the same. This motion was carried, and the following gentlemen chosen a committee for that purpose, with power to fill any vacancy in their number, viz: Messrs. Jonathan Phillips, Samuel Dorr, John A. Bolles, Edward Brooks, James Savage, T. R. Marvin, Amasa Walker.

Mr. Walker moved that the said Committee be directed to prepare a memorial to the next Legislature, praying them to sustain the present law, for the regulation of the sale of ardent spirit, and that said Committee cause the same to be circulated throughout the Commonwealth.

On motion of Charles G. Loring, Esq. the above resolution was amended, so as to read as follows, viz:

Resolved, That said Committee be directed to prepare a memorial to the next Legislature, praying them to sustain the present law for the regulation of the sale of ardent spirit, or one of equal or greater force, and that said Committee cause the same to be circulated throughout the Commonwealth.

As thus amended the resolution passed.

On motion of John Tappan, Esq.—

Voted, That the hearty thanks of this meeting are due to those members of the Legislature who voted for the law passed the last session, to regulate the sale of spirituous liquors.

Voted, That the proceedings of this meeting be published.

Voted, That this meeting be dissolved.

JONATHAN PHILLIPS, Chairman.

JOHN A. BOLLES, HARRISON GRAY, } Secretaries.

The steam packet Great Western, arrived at New York on Monday evening, having performed her passage from Bristol in about sixteen days.—By this arrival files of papers to the 8th inst. from Bristol, and the 7th from London and Liverpool are received.

Lockhart's 'Life of Sir Walter Scott,' seems likely to prove the foundation of a pamphlet war. The representatives of the Ballantynes have issued a *brochure*, professing to expose the untruth and injustice of sundry statements put forth by Mr Lockhart, respecting the deceased publishers and their connection with Sir Walter.

The London papers announce the death of Sir John Nicholl, the distinguished Admiralty Judge, at a very advanced age; of Sir Wm. Maxwell, formerly colonel of the 26th regiment of foot; of Gen. Onslow; and of the Earl of Annesley. Also of Dr Barnes, an eminent professor at Cambridge, aged 93. He was considered one of the best living Greek scholars.

There was a dreadful storm in the neighborhood of Smyrna, July 27th. No less than 130 bodies of shipwrecked seamen have been found on the shores of the Bosphorus.

French Exploring Expedition South.—News from Captain D'Urville had been received, dated Island of Conception, Chili, April 10, where the Astrolabe and Zelee had safely arrived. After being a month shut up in the Straits of Magellan, he left Jan. 8, and in lat. 64, a few days after, came to a solid barrier of ice for 240 miles, near the New Orkneys. In the beginning of February the two vessels were hemmed in so completely, that the commander almost despaired of extricating them. On Feb. 9 he got clear with an E. S. E. wind, and sailed 300 miles along the barrier, when seeing that it stretched towards the Sandwich Islands, and without any opening, he was induced by these circumstances, and the breaking out of the scurvy during 52 days severe navigation in the ice, to proceed March 7 to the coast of Chili.

Remains of Napoleon.—The Maritime Prefect of Cherbourg has received orders to hasten the armament of the frigate the Reine Blanche, which it is believed at Cherbourg is destined to proceed to St. Helena to receive on board the remains of Napoleon.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, Mr Jonathan Newcomb to Miss Martha Trowbridge.

Mr Henry A. Chamberlain to Miss Elizabeth Knight, both of Boston.

In this city, on Thursday evening, Mr William Calit to Miss Elizabeth Mary Fitzgerald.

At Spring Green, R. I. 20th inst, at the residence of Gov. Francis, Mr Horace Leland, of this city, to Miss Harriet Kidder.

In Fairhaven, on Tuesday morning, Capt. Alexander Winsor, of Duxbury, to Miss Sarah P. daughter of Capt. Silas Allen.

In Philadelphia, Rev Henry Smith of Worcester, to Miss O. Leelohan.

In St Louis, Missouri, Mr Charles Evans, formerly of Boston, to Miss Harriet Adeline Robbins.

DEATHS.

At Providence, 12th inst, Mrs Lucretia D. Vinton, wife of Capt. John R. Vinton, of the U. S. Army, and daughter of Ebenezer Parker Esq. of New York, 28.

At Dorchester, Mrs Miriam Vose 45.

In Newport, R. I. Clark Rodman, aged 89, for many years an approved Minister of the Society of Friends.

In West Bridgewater, Capt. Ames, aged 77.

In Northborough, Mr Jonah Babcock, aged 90, a revolutionary soldier.

At Portland, Mrs Sarah H. Mellen, wife of Hon Prentiss Mellen, 72.

At Brooklyn, N. Y. on Wednesday morning last, George S. Hillard Jr. only son of George S. Hillard Esq, of this city, 2 years and 8 months.

At Savannah, 8th inst, Oliver Brown, 38, master of schr Boston, of this port.

In White Creek, N. Y. 28th ult. Capt. William Trull, 76. When quite a youth he joined the army of the American revolution, in the Massachusetts line, and continued in the service of his country until the ratification of peace. In the late war with Great Britain he again tendered his services to his country, and was appointed a captain in the 22d regiment, where he remained a brave and faithful officer until wounded and honorably discharged. He received pensions as a soldier of the revolution and as a wounded officer of the late war. He was honored and beloved as a citizen.

At his residence, in Maumee, on Tuesday the 11th inst. Hon. Hiram Steele, 49. Judge Steele was born in Randolph, Vermont, Feb. 1, 1789, and emigrated to Sackett's Harbor in Jefferson county, N. Y. 1815. He was Judge of the Court of Common Pleas of Jefferson county, a member of the convention for revising the constitution of the state of New York in 1821, and held several other important stations, during his residence in that state. In 1833, he, with his family, emigrated to this country, where he has since resided, until his death.—[*Maumee Express.*

MENTAL AND MORAL CULTURE.

MR ALCOTT will re-open his School, at his dwelling, No. 6 Beach Street, on Monday, October first, for the admission of children of both sexes, from four to twelve years of age.

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Boston, Sept. 29, 1838. 3m

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jan 13 istf

THE GIFT, a Christmas and New Year's Present, for 1839, edited by Miss Leslie.

Among the Contributors will be found—

John Inman Esq.	Miss Gould
C. W. Thomson Esq.	Miss Leslie
Professor Ingram,	Mrs Hale
Mrs Sigourney,	Mrs Gilman &c.

The following illustrations will, it is believed, be found equal to any the country has produced:

Helen, engraved by Cheney, from an original drawing, by Chalen—Vignette Title, engraved by Cheney, from Nature, by Thomas Sully—Brother and Sister, engraved by Forrest, from a Painting by Sully—Rustic Civility, engraved by Pease from a Painting by Collins—Sunrise among the Alps, engraved by Graham, from a painting by Doughty—Miranda, engraved by Dodson, from a painting by Sully—The Goldfinch, engraved by Forrest, from a painting by Parris—The Snare, engraved by Lawson, from a painting by Chapman—The Farmer's Boy, engraved by Tucker, from a painting by Thayer.

'We have been shown an unfinished copy of The Gift, for 1839, and we find upon examination, that in all the qualities that give value to these delightful Souvenirs, it is richly and abundantly supplied. In respect to embellishments, it is eminently attractive. For some years we have noticed with much pleasure the improvement of our artists, as shown in the plates of the annuals; but the engravings made for this volume indicate, we think, a higher degree of perfection than any to which they have previously attained.—Saturday News

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Mrs Sigourney	Mrs M. Griffith
Miss H. F. Gould,	W. B. Tappan, Esq.
Miss Mary E. Lee	C. W. Thomson Esq.
Mrs Gilman	Mrs S. J. Hale.

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Sep. 11, 1838.

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sept 15

POETRY.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

When evening's tranquil shades come on,
And day, with all its toils, has gone;
When heaven appears in diamond robe,
And darkness lies upon the globe;

In prayer then seek that Power divine,
Who made both sun and moon to shine,
To whom the darkness is as light;
Ask his protection through the night.

When o'er the East the morning breaks,
And earth to life and beauty wakes;
When ev'ry songster of the grove
Is sweetly teaching, God is Love;

Ask Him who bids the morning rise,
Towards Truth's bright ray to turn your eyes;
The clouds of error to destroy
And raise the source of life and joy.

When daily you prepare to eat
What God has given for your meat,
Ask Him, by whom that food was given,
To feed you with the bread from heaven.

In each event of life, O! raise
Your prayers to Him who rules your ways;
And ask His aid in every need,
Without whose aid no work can speed.

E. N. P.

(From the Christian Advocate and Journal.)

FAMILY WORSHIP.

Listen! I hear a voice, a solemn voice,
But sweet and fervent too, like that of prayer;
Such as would make angelic breasts rejoice,
And call to hearken from their starry sphere:
From yonder house it comes—I 'll draw me near,
Its light shines like a star upon the night,
And to my wandering footsteps far more dear:
A better guide, perchance a holier light,
Leading more near to heaven than that above my sight.

O, 't is a lovely scene! The grey-haired sire,
With lifted hands, imploring on each child
All that the lip can breathe, the heart desire,
To guide their footsteps through the world's deep wild;
See how the glittering tears his warm cheek gild!
How rushes through the wane of years the glow;
How beams his look, with all the father filled!
The prayer intense illumes eye, lip, brow,
Which all his bosom's thoughts, hopes, fears, and wishes show.

There kneels the *mother*, by her partner's side;
Silent her tongue, but O how full her eyes!
Look at those sacred tears, whose gentle tide
The loudest utterance of the lip supplies.
O! what can equal her beseeching sighs?
As from a heart oppressed with grief they came,
Hark how the sounds of supplication rise!
Vainly have nations piled the altar's flame—
The intensest of them all ne'er reached a mother's claim!

Look at those little hands upon each brow,
Covering the face, before the unseen God!
Listen! ye might have heard the lisping vow
Like cherub's echo, seeking his abode,
Revile it not, despise it not, ye proud!
Nor say it is the jargon learned by rote,
Useless and meaningless:—those words allowed
Upon the youthful memory to float,
Shall be the waking chord to many a heavenly note.

O lovely scene—most lovely! Would that thou
Didst not bedeck the tented bower alone,
But 'neath each roof in sacred beauty glow
From the low hamlet to the lofty throne.
America! O were the smiles of heaven thine own,
The bright paternal smiles of Deity;
Then, my loved country, would thy soil be known,
The hallowed and the blest, the truly free,
And every evening's hour a nation's worship see.

(From the Watchman of the South.)

JOY'S RETURN.

Weeping may endure for a night,
But joy cometh in the morning.
Psalm xxx. 5.

The night was dark, and not a ray
Of moon or star appeared,
To light me on my lonely way,
And show me what I feared.

But Hope, sweet seraph, whispered still,
'Wait patiently on God;
Pray constantly; work all his will;
And meekly bear his rod.

The night *is* dark, and Sorrow makes
The hours seem doubly long:
But soon the smiling morning breaks,
And Joy renews her song.'

I heard with heed—Hope's words were true;—
I waited not in vain:—
The morning broke—the shadows flew
And all is bright again.

WORDSWORTH'S SONNETS.

A new edition of Wordsworth's Sonnets has just been published. The greater part of the Sonnets are well known; but the poet has added a few of recent composition which show that age has not subdued the fire of genius. We give two or three as specimens.

COMPOSED ON MAY MORNING, 1838.

Life with yon lambs, like day, is just begun,
Yet Nature seems to them a heavenly guide.
Does joy approach? they meet the coming tide,
And sullenness avoid, as now they shun
Pale twilight's lingering glooms—and in the sun
Couch near their dams, with quiet satisfied;
Or gambol—each with his shadow at his side
Varying its shape wherever he may run,
As they from turf yet hoar with sleepy dew
All turn, and court the shining and the green
Where herbs look up, and opening flowers are seen;
Why to God's goodness cannot we be true,
And so, His gifts and promises between,
Feed to the last on pleasures ever new?

A POET TO HIS GRANDCHILD.

Son of my buried Son, while thus thy hand
Is clasped in mine, it saddens me to think
How want may press thee down, and with thee sink
Thy children, left unfit, through vain demand
Of culture, even to feel or understand
My simplest Lay that to their memory
May cling; hard fate! which haply need not be
Did Justice mould the Statutes of the Land.
A Book time-cherished and an honored name
Are high rewards; but bound they Nature's claim,
Or Reason's? No; hopes spun in timid line
From out the bosom of a modest home
Extend through unambitious years to come,
My careless Little-one, for thee and thine!

TO THE PLANET VENUS,

Upon its approximation (as an evening star) to the Earth, January, 1838.

What strong allurement draws, what spirit guides
Thee, Vesper! brightening still, as if the nearer
Thou com'st to man's abode the spot grew dearer
Night after night? True is it, Nature hides
Her treasures less and less—Man now presides,
In power, where once he trembled in his weakness;
Knowledge advances with gigantic strides;
But are we aught enriched in love and meekness?
Aught dost thou see, bright Star! of pure and wise,
More than in humbler times graced human story;
That makes our hearts more apt to sympathize
With Heaven, our souls more fit for future glory,
When earth shall vanish from our closing eyes,
Ere we lie down in our last dormitory?

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE VOW—A NORTHERN TALE.

[From the German of Frederick Baron de la Motte Fouque]

In the ancient heathen times of the Saxons, there happened once a great war with the Danes. Adalbero, Duke of Saxony, who had counselled it, now, in the hour of earnest conflict, stood at the head of his people. There flew the arrows and the javelins; there glanced many valiant blades on both sides; and there shone many bright gold shields through the dark fight. But the Saxons, at every attack, were repulsed, and were already so far driven back, that only the storming of a steep height could deliver the army and the country, disperse the enemy, and change a ruinous and destructive fight into a decisive victory.

Adalbero conducted the attack. But in vain he forced his fiery charger before the squadron; in vain he shouted through the field, the sacred words, 'Freedom and Fatherland!' in vain streamed his warm blood, and the blood of the foe, over his resplendent armor. The ponderous mass gave way; and the enemy, secure on the height, rejoiced in their decided victory. Again rushed Adalbero on with a few gallant warriors; again the faint-hearted fell behind; and again the enemy rejoiced.

'It is yet time,' said Adalbero; and again he shouted, 'Forward! and if we conquer, I vow to the gods, to set fire to the four corners of my castle, and it shall blaze forth one bright funeral pile, in honor of our victory and of our deliverance.'

Again was the attack renewed, but again the Saxons fled, and the enemy sent forth shouts of joy.

Then cried Adalbero aloud before the whole army, 'If we return victorious from this charge, ye gods, I devote myself to you as a solemn sacrifice!'

Shuddering the warriors hastened after him,—but fortune was still against them: the boldest fell—the bravest fled. Then Adalbero, in deep affliction, rallied the scattered band, and all that remained of the great nobles collected round him, and spoke thus:

'Thou art our ruin; for thou hast counselled this war.'

Adalbero replied, 'My castle and myself I have devoted to the gods for victory, and what can I more?'

The sad multitude called only the more to him, 'Thou art our ruin; for thou hast counselled this war.'

Then Adalbero tore open his bosom, and implored the Mighty God of Thunder to pierce it with a thunderbolt, or to give the victory to his army. But there came no bolt from Heaven; and the squadron stood timid, and followed not the call.

In boundless despair, Adalbero at last said, 'There remains only that which is most dear to me. Wife and child I offer to thee, thou God of armies, for victory. My beautiful blooming wife—my only heart-loved child—they belong to thee, Great Ruler in Asgard; with my own hand will I sacrifice them to thee; but I implore thee, give me the victory!'

Scarcely were these words uttered, when fearful thunderings rolled over the field of battle, and clouds gathered round the combatants; and the Saxons, with fearful cries, shouted, as with one voice, 'The gods are with us!' With invincible courage forward rushed the host;—the height was carried by storm, and Adalbero, with sudden shudder, saw the enemy flying through the field.

The conqueror returned home in triumph; and in all parts of delivered Saxony, came wives and children forth, and, with outstretched arms, greeted their husbands and fathers. But Adalbero knew what awaited him; and every smile of an affectionate wife, pierced, as with a poisonous dart, his anguished heart. At last they came before his magnificent castle. He was not able to look up, as the beautiful Similde met him at the gate, with her daughter in her hand, while the little one always leaped and cried, 'Father, father! beloved father!'

Adalbero looked round on his people, in order to strengthen himself; even there he met quivering eyelids and bitter tears; for among his warriors, many had heard his horrible vow. He dismissed them to their families, feeling what happy men, he, the most unhappy, was sending to their homes; then rode into the castle, and sending the domestics away, under various pretences, sprung from his horse, closed the gates with thundering sound, secured them carefully, and pressed his beloved wife and child to his heart, shedding over them a torrent of tears.

'What is the matter, husband?' said the astonished Similde.

'Why do you weep, father?' stammered the little one.

'We will first prepare an offering for the gods,' replied Adalbero; 'and then I shall relate every thing to you. Come to me soon, to the hearth.'

'I will kindle the flame, and fetch, in the meantime, the implements for sacrifice,' said the sweet Similde, and the little one cried out clapping her hands—

'I also will help; I also will be there;' and skipped away with her mother.

These words, 'I also will help; I also will be there,' the hero repeated, as, dissolved in grief, he stood by the flaming pile, with his drawn sword in his trembling hand. He lamented aloud over the joyful innocent child, and the graceful obedient wife, who brought the bowl and pitcher, perfuming-pan and taper, used in sacrifices.—Then it passed through his mind that his vow could not be valid; for such sorrow could not find a place in the heart of man. But the answer was given in dreadful peals of thunder down from the heavens.

'I know,' said he, sighing heavily, 'your thunder has assisted us, and now your thunder calls on your devoted believer for the performance of his vow.'

Similde began to tremble as the frightful truth burst upon her; and, with soft tears, she said, 'Ah! hast thou made a vow? Ah! husband, I see no victim!—shall human blood—'

Adalbero covered his eyes with his hands, and sobbed so terribly that it echoed through the hall, and the little one, terrified, shrunk together.

Similde knew well such vows, in ancient times. She looked entreatingly to her lord, and said, 'Remove the child.'

'Both, both!—I must!' then murmured Adalbero; and Similde, with a violent effort, forcing back her tears, said to the little one, 'Quick, child, and bind this handkerchief on thine eyes; thy father has brought a present for thee and will now give it thee.'

'My father looks not as if he would give me a present,' sighed the child.

'Thou shalt see; thou shalt see, presently,' said Similde hurriedly; and as she placed the bandage over the eyes of the child, she could no longer restrain her tears, but they fell so softly, that the little one knew it not.

The affectionate mother now tore the drapery from her snow white bosom, and kneeling before her sacrificer, beckoned that she might be the first victim.

'Quick, only quick,' whispered she softly to the lingerer; 'else will the poor child be so terrified!'

Adalbero raised the dreadful steel—then roared the thunder, and flashed the lightning through the building. Speechless sank the three to the earth.

As the evening breeze rushed through the broken windows, the little one raised her head, from which the bandage had fallen, and said, 'Mother, what present has my father brought to me?' The sweet voice awakened both the parents. All lived, and nothing was destroyed but Adalbero's sword, which was melted by the avenging flash of Heaven.

'The Gods have spoken!' cried the pardoned father; and with a gush of unutterable love, the three delivered ones wept in each others' arms.

Far distant, over the southern mountains, roared the tempest, where many years afterwards St. Boniface converted unbelievers to the true faith.

[From the Christian Statesman.]

THE POWER OF DIVERS TO REMAIN UNDER WATER, AND THE LENGTH OF TIME PERSONS CAN ENDURE SUBMERSION WITHOUT THE EXTINCTION OF LIFE.

The statements which have been published upon this subject are so contradictory, and the length of time which persons can endure submersion without the extinction of life has been so variously estimated, that very few know what to believe upon the subject. It is, nevertheless, a matter of great practical importance, and one respecting which, every individual should know the truth. The statements which we have read, of persons having been resuscitated after remaining under water for fifteen, twenty, thirty, forty, or fifty minutes, are mostly fabulous, and cannot be relied on.

The most authentic information upon this subject, is to be found in the reports of the different humane societies, and also in the journals of those engaged in the pearl fishery, or those who otherwise subject themselves to voluntary submersion in pursuit of treasures buried in the ocean.

Those who have been trained to pearl diving, or fishing for pearls off Cape Comorin, it is said, have acquired the power of remaining under water and of repeating the operation at short intervals, without impairing health or suffering any material or permanent convenience. From the various observations which have been made, it appears that these divers are capable of remaining under water seventy-six seconds, on the average. Dr. Leferne, whilst stationed in the roads of Narasin, noticed the time which was spent under water by a company of Greek divers who were employed to raise the remains of the Turco Egyptian fleet. These men have been accustomed (says the Doctor) to dive from their youth, and to remain for a length of time under water; no divers could possibly be more expert. Dr. L. made the series of observations with a seconds watch and gives this (seventy-six seconds) as the average of the time they remained under water. When the laborers merge from the water, they have almost always the face strongly injected with blood. They are often seized with profuse bleeding at the nose, and in some instances blood has been observed to issue from the eyes and ears. As soon as they are out of water, they wrap themselves in thick woollen cloaks, and thus await their turn to repeat the dive. They can perform this task three or four times in the hour. It has long been stated and believed, that the divers engaged in the pearl fishery have the power of remaining under water several minutes, but such statements are entitled to but little credit, as we have no proof of their accuracy, and these observations of Dr. Leferne, in connexion with others equally accurate that might be adduced, would go far to prove it utterly impossible.

But these facts, though numerous and perfectly satisfactory, relate only to such persons as have been long accustomed to diving. The circumstances attending their submersion is widely different from those who accidentally fall into the water. These divers are expert swimmers, and perfectly self-possessed. They have generally been accustomed to diving from infancy, and have, for years, trained themselves to the longest period of suspended respiration. They prepare themselves for the dive, by drawing as much air into the lungs as possible, and they let it off only by slow degree, and while under water. By a voluntary effort, they prevent water from entering into the lungs. On the other hand, when persons fall into the water accidentally, it is generally in a state of excitement and alarm; the lungs are mostly in a state of collapse, or contain but little air, which is soon thrown off, and in the effort to respire, water is drawn into the lungs rapidly. And such persons begin to drown much sooner than the time specified above, (seventy-six seconds,) as allowed to pearl divers to remain under water. Probably most persons who are unaccustomed to the water, or who are thrown overboard in a state of alarm, begin to drown in less than thirty seconds after submersion. It should, however, be recollected, that by a wise provision of nature, the glottis generally remains closed, so that no water is received into the lungs till the natural sensibility of the parts is destroyed, or in some degree impaired.

There is another point of great importance, connected with this subject, which remains to be settled and respecting which we should be pleased to hear from those who have had experience, or have investigated the subject, viz. What is the longest time which an individual may remain under water and still be resuscitated, and what must be the state of the system which authorises us to cease our exertions to resuscitate a person drowned? Many have, no doubt, been resuscitated, who have remained several minutes under water, and long after the drowning process has commenced.

The method of treating drowned persons, also, is one which should be understood by all. We may touch this point in a future communication.

GRATITUDE.

What American can read, without deep emotion, the following anecdote from Stephens' 'Incidents of Travel in Greece, &c.:'

'At Kalamaki, while walking along the shore, a Greek who spoke the lingua Franca came from on board one of little caiques, and, when he learned that I was an American, described to me the scene that had taken place on that beach upon the arrival of provisions from America; when thousands of miserable beings who had fled from the blaze of their dwellings, and lived for months upon plants and roots; grayheaded men, mothers with infants at their breasts, emaciated with hunger and almost frantic with despair, came down from their mountain retreats to receive the welcome relief. He might well remember the scene, for he had been one of that starving people; and he took me to his house, and showed me his wife and four children, now nearly all grown, telling me that they had all been rescued from death by the generosity of my countrymen. I do not know why, but in those countries it did not seem unmanly for a bearded and whiskered man to weep; I felt anything but contempt for him when, with his heart overflowing and his eyes filled with tears, he told me, when I returned home, to say to my countrymen that I had seen and talked with a recipient of their bounty; and though the Greeks might never repay us, they could never forget what we had done for them. I remembered the excitement in our country in their behalf, in colleges and schools, from the graybearded senator to the prattling school-boy, and reflected that, perhaps, my mite, cast carelessly upon the waters, had saved from the community of misery this grateful family. I wished that the cold-blooded prudence which would have checked our honest enthusiasm in favor of a people under calamities and horrors worse than ever fell to the lot of man struggling to be free, could have listened to the gratitude of this Greek family. With deep interest I bade them farewell, and, telling my guide to follow with my horse, walked over to the foot of the mountain.'

DEATH OF WATSON THE CALCULATOR.—We have to record the death of an individual, a native of Buxted, well known in this and adjoining counties as the Sussex calculator, George Watson, who died in the Union-house, at Maresfield, a short time past, at the age of 51 years. His death was accelerated by his obstinacy during the late severe winter in leaving the house, and sleeping in barns, &c. George, who was an idiot in all things relating to common occurrence, was a self-taught calculator of the first class, and as such was known in many parts of the kingdom. The powers of his memory were astonishing. He could state accurately where he had been on any day for the last 30 years, what persons he saw, and what he was about. He lived for many years with an uncle in this parish, who was a farmer, and he would recount the quantity of live stock bred during the whole time he lived with him, to whom they were sold and the price they fetched. He has been often asked to state on what day of the year Easter Sunday was for a century past, and has never been wrong in his answers. The birth days and ages of all the individuals among George's acquaintance were as well known to him as to themselves, and he has often raised a laugh against single ladies of a certain age by stating the day of their birth in company. But one of his favorite amusements was to recount the number of acres, amount of population, size of the church and weight of the tenor bell of every parish in the county, which he would do without making a mistake. It was the wish of some individuals well known to the poor fellow, and took an interest in his behalf, to have assisted him; but his wandering habits were such, that to fix him to any place was impossible, and from his idiotic obstinacy he had latterly contracted such dirty ways, that it was found the only place he could be taken in at was the workhouse, where he had been kindly treated until death put an end to his sufferings. Poor George will be long missed in the neighborhood.—*English Paper.*

MNEMONICS.

We have been amused and astonished by the success of a system of Mnemonics, in the instance of a youth named Gustavus Adolphe Bassle. On Saturday he lectured to a very numerous audience in the theatre of the Royal Institution, and submitted to them programmes containing, in the whole, answers to upwards of twenty thousand questions, by which each individual present could be satisfied of the correctness of Bassle's replies, and the extraordinary accuracy of his mnemonical system. The questions in history, geography, cosmography, mythology, chemistry, natural history, inventions and discoveries, natural philosophy, etc., were put to him by the visitors, in English, French, and German; however rapid, however varied, he evinced no hesitation, no confusion; his answers were wonderfully correct; questioned and cross-questioned, no crooked answer was elicited; and the most scrupulous, the most incredulous auditor, must have been satisfied of the efficacy of his system. We mention the following merely to show the extent of the mechanical, methodical memory which had been acquired by Master Bassle, aged twelve years, and may be acquired by any one. He named the day of the week on which fell the first of January from the commencement of the Christian era till the adoption of the Gregorian calendar; the same from that time till the year 2400, or to the most remote period; and the same for any day of the month, in any year, whether common or bissextile. He repeated the numbers, denoting the proportion of the circumference to the diameter, to the 154th place of decimals, backwards, forwards, or in any order, and gave the figure occupying any place taken at random.

Ancient Carthage.—Sir Grenville Temple, who lately arrived at Malta from Tunis, on board the Ottoman frigate Surieh, has employed himself, for the last six months, in making excavations on the classic soil of Carthage—a city, the mere mention of whose name awakens in the bosom of every scholar a thousand recollections of glory which once adorned the mistress of the African seas, and the immortal rival of the Roman republic. His labors have been well rewarded by the peculiarly interesting discoveries he has made. Among them we may notice that on the site of the temple of Ganath, or Juno Cœlestis, the great protecting deity of Carthage, he found about 700 coins, and various objects of glass and earthenware. But the most remarkable, and perhaps least expected of his discoveries is that of a villa, situated on the sea shore, and buried fifteen feet under ground. Eight rooms are completely cleared, and their size and decorations prove that the house belonged to a wealthy personage. The walls are painted, and the floors are beautifully paved in mosaic, in the same manner as those at Pompeii and Herculaneum, representing a great variety of subjects, such as marine deities, both male and female, different species of sea-fish, marine plants, a vessel with female figures dancing on deck, and surrounded by admiring warriors; other portions represent lions horses, leopards, tigers, deer, zebras, bears, gazelles, hares, ducks, herons, and the like. Ten human skeletons apparently of those slain during the assault of the city, were found in the different chambers. Sir Grenville also discoverod in another house other mosaics of great interest; these represent gladiators contending in the arena with wild beasts, and over each man is written his name.—In another part are seen horse-races, and men, breaking in young horses. Our limits oblige us to restrict these details; but we hope, indeed we understand, that Sir Grenville Temple will shortly publish a complete account of his important and extraordinary discoveries. We are aware that Sir Thomas Reade, from the early period of his residence, as his Majesty's agent and consul general in Tunis, drew many specimens of antiquity from the same spot, which we believe were sent to enrich some of our public institutions in England. But Sir Grenville Temple has had the good fortune to make connections, which assisted greatly his own ardor for antiquarian research, and the objects he has thus been enabled to recover from their long obscurity are of a nature to throw a minuter light upon the customs and state of the arts in that celebrated Roman colony. These discoveries may perhaps eventually equal in interest those which have long commanded general admiration in Southern Italy, and will no doubt render celebrated the name of the persevering discoverer, amongst other British archaiologists, particularly if any of the curiosities found should be placed amongst the valuable remains of antiquity which Great Britain already possesses. —*Malta Paper.*

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